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FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 9, 1892.

PRISE ONE PERSEL



[EVA LEAPT FORWARD, AND FLINGING HEBSTLY ON CAREW'S ERRAST, RECEIVED THE BULLET IN DER SHOULDER []

ONLY A MILLINER.

[A NOVELETTE.]

CHAPTER I.

"Stor her! Stop her! Stop thief!"
The words rang out through the frosty air, arresting all pedestrians along that busy Westend street. What they saw was a woman, poorly but decently clad, flying as though for dear life, pursued by a man of somewhat plethoric appearance, who, in his hurry, had forgotten to remove the white apron which was the sign and badge of his trade.

Some half-a-dozen men started in pursuit; but despair lent wings to the poor creature's feet, and she had rasched the corner of the street before any of her pursuers reached her. There, however, she received a check; a policeman intercepted her way. She started, swerved aside, but it was too late. She felt one arm seized in the constable's vice-like grip, whilst

the other was held fast by the first man to come up with her.

Speedily a crowd collected, and there she stood in the midst like a creature at bay, her pinched white face and wild eyes telling their own pitiable story.

"Let me go!" she gasped, "let me go! I will give it back. There is nothing against me. I never took a penny in my life before!"

The tradesman new account.

The tradesman now came up.
What has she done?" asked the conatable " Stolen some money from my till, I can't

"Stolen some money from my till, I can't say how much."
"It is a shilling." the woman cried; "take it and let me go!"
"Do you give her in charge?"
"Ot course I do. One must protect oneself against such people."
"No! no! no!" she shrieked. "My child is dying of starvation. I stole to save her life. There is no one to look after her but me!"
"The old tale," said one sceptic, when suddenly a young girl, dressed in black, made her way to the irate tradesman's side.

"Oh," she said, "be merciful to her. I am sure she speaks the truth. Pray, let her go to her child, and I will give you what money I have with me. It is not mach," blushing deeply, but it is more than you have lost;" and from a little purse she produced two half-crowns, tendering them to the man.
The crowd looked on with interest.

"No," he said, "justice is justice; and I am not the one to go against the laws of my country,"

The policeman said gruffly to his prisoner, "Come on; you'll only make bad worse by resisting."

resisting."

Toe young girl, pale and tearful, stood help-lessly by, when another diversion appeared in the form of a tall, aristocratic-looking man, who languidly made his way to the front, and inquired, with the faintest suspicion of a drawl, how much the woman had taken.

He had seen and heard all that had passed, but he did not choose to confess so much, and one officious bystander began to tell the whole story volubly, when he turned to the tradesman, who seemed embarrassed by his tradesman, who seemed embarrassed by his appearance.

"Ab, Bourchier," he said, with a more marked drawl, "it is you! I would not appear in this case were I you; 'tis hardly in ordance with your pronounced philan-opy. Let the woman ga, and I'll stand thropy. Let the woman go, and I'll stand bail she does not trouble you again. For your loss of time and the unpleasantness of the

"Well, sir," answered Bourobier, "it was from no ill feeling I intended looking her up,

is was only in the cause of justice."
"Do you prosecute or not?" asked the constable, impatiently,

Trush to tell, he had some pity for the poor srembling creature he held—she was literally worn to a shadow—and he half believed her story; she did not look like a common thief.

"No, no," Bourchier answered, as he accepted the shifting from the constable's band. "I was angry at the minute, but I quite forgive her now."

The gentleman smiled satirically.

"You're a worthy man, Bourchier. I'll see you about this offsir to morrow."

Then the constable released his prisoner with a warning, the crowd dispersed, and the grecer returned a little creetfallen to his shop, for

The poor woman, half fainting from fright and shame, walked as fast as her trembling simbs would allow from the place of her degradation; hat the young girl followed her, and with earness words and geatures pressed her little store of money upon her. Steing this, the gentleman hastened after them.

"Don's you know that you may be assist-ing an impostor?" he questioned, quietly,

A pair of grave brown eyes met his.
"I am sure she has spoken the truth; har voice carries conviction with it."

The woman paused a moment; just at first the seemed about to speak sharply, but her head drooped, her poor pale lips quivered, and

"I don't wonder you think me a bad one, sir; but you saved me from prison, and I cannot speak harsh to you. But this lady has done more; she has given me kind words and money to save my child. Heaven bless you," turning to the girl, "and reward you!"
"It this is true—and almost I am inclined

to think ac-take me to your home."

"It is not a fit place for such as yen to enter, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. My good woman, your

case will not bear inspection."
"It is a lie!" she crisd, flexcely, "it is a lie! I'm serry I've get you to thank for anything. Come and welcome; it ain't often such as you see such sights as I can show you." Then she turned to the girl, who stood

an embarrassed listener: "Will you come too? You have been so good to me, I can's bear you should think I'd cheated you.

"I will come," the girl, answered, gently, although I do not think you are a cheat.

"Do not walk with me; I am not fit for the like of you to be seen with. Only when you get to the street where I live, keep close;

there's not many honest folks down my way,"
"You will allow me to walk beside you,"
said the gentleman, addressing the girl; "It
would be unsafe for you to go without an essors, and I will trouble you as little as I can.

She looked quickly up into the handsome patrician face, and despite its habitual air of languid cynicism, there was a certain strength and honesty about it she could not doubt. The blue eyes were a little cold, perhaps, but they were espable of lighting up into warmth and passion, and the mouth under the tawny zaoustache was finely yet firmly out.

What she saw must have satisfied her, for she said, gravely,-

"I accept your escort."

And so this queerly associed trio traversed after street until they had left the fashionable and even the respectable quarters bebind. Such dirt and squalor two of the shree at east had never known or imagined, exchanging speech, now he said,

"I have been very remiss; I should at least have given you some assurance of my respec-tability. I am Carew Montrath, of Palacegardens, and Karnthope Hold, Yorkshire."

She asswered him trankly,—
"And I am Eve Casaubon. I am a milliner at Mrs. Pringle's, near Oxford-street.

If he felt a little shocked to find her so much his social interior he gave no sign of it.

"Thank you for your confidence, Miss Casaobon," he said; and then they spoke no more until they reached Paradise alley, where their guide lived.

"Keep close," she said; "it's an ill place for all its name."

An ill place ! " mutiered Montrath, stir. out of his synical calm. "Great Haven! it is not fit for swine to wallow in—faugh! I am sorry I brought you so far Mine Casanbon; will you turn hask?"

"No," resolutely; "the worst is nearly-

past, we have not much farther to go."
Up broken stairs, so rotten that they sho under the lightest tread, they followed th guide; and when she came to an attic, she

gently opened the door, signing them to enter.

It was corupulously clean, and the child who lay upon a mattress in the corner was clean too, and would have been pretty save orem too, and would neve been pretty lave for the starved look in her eyes, the pinched appearance of the face. Beside the mattress the room baid no other farmiure, not a chair, or table—and the grate was empty on this bitter day. Eve gave a cry of uttermost pity as she went towards the child, who, taking no notice of her, schbed,—

"Bread! many bread!"

"Bread! mammy, bread!"

"Bread I mammy, bread I"
Garew Montrath stood apart, watching the
girl and the child; he was profoundly moved,
but it was part of his creed to hide all
emotion. But Era, with tear-filled eyes, was
answering in solt, low, tones,—
"Patience a little longer, dear, and mather
will being semething nicer than bread." Then
to the woman. "First get some wood and a
little coat; and whilst you go for food, I will
build the fire." build the fire.

She needed no second bidding. In a short time she returned with a bundle of wood and an apron filled with coal. She brought, too, a tiny kettle, lont her by a friendly neighbour; and whilst she hurried away to get bread and

as Eve built the fire.

Carew volunteered to help her, but ahe selined his assistance with a pretty laugh.

"I am afraid you would prove somewhat a hindrance," she said. "I suppose you have never 'laid' a fire in all your life." "I never have; but 'it is not too late to

learn.

"It requires practice; I shall do it batter alone," and as though to prove her words, the flames were presently shooting up right merrily, and the sick child lifted herself a little on her albow to rejoice in their light.

Then the mother returned; and having given har a huge slice of bread, with a very little butter, turned to thank her new friends. And whilst the water was boiling, Carew Montrath asked her name.

"Hannah Rowe, sir; I came from Kent."

"Where is your husband?" Her lips quivered, her colour came and

went.
"I don't know eir."
"Don't know!" incredulously, whilst his face hardened. "What do you mean?"
"Just this air. Tom left me, in a temper, when Lizzy there was only six months old she's four now. I heard he'd gone to sea; and-and Heaven help me, he's never come Tom was gardener down home, but he got a better place up here, and so we moved; but it was an ill move, for he took up with a bad los, poor boy, and gave way to drinking. asquaintances."

It sain's an uncommon story, six. And when
I saw our nice little home all going, and Lizzy often wanting for things, I wasn't quite so side by side, he wandering all the while where

and the man's face were a look of utter patient as I might have been and I said hard disgnet, the girl's one of the profoundest words to him. He he went away; and it ever pity. They had walked so far without he's been home, he'd not know where to find words to him. He he went away; and if ever he's been home, he'd not know where to find us. He'd never think to look for us in this awful place,

"But, if this is the case, why don't you write to your friends for help?"

She laughed out bitterly.
"The poor ain't got any triends."
This sounded so like part and parcel of his

own cynicism that Montrath let it pass with-out remark. His next question was,— "What have you done since your husband's descrition to gain a livelihood?"

"A little washing and sorubbing, and some plain needlework. Folks don's pay too much for them sort of things; and when they find out what a dreadful place Paradise Alley is, the ladies won's have me no more. They're afraid of fever, or something of that sort, Perhaps they think I ain't honest—and I ain't any longer t Oh! what would Tom say if he wall the truth?"

"He would pity, not blame you; he would bate himself that he left you to such trouble and temptation," Eve said, gently. "And now the water is beiling, make your tea; it will warm and comfort you. And here is my address; I am only a poor girl, but I think I can space you comething to lighten your lot. You will know where to find me. And don't forget to let me know how Lizzy is."

You will know where to find me. And don't forget to let me know how Lizzy is."

Mrs. Rows tried to thank har, but speech failed her. Them Mentrath's voice, acting like a tonic, steaded her.

"I will see that your case is duly inquired into, Mrs. Rows; and if I find all particular-given correct. I will enlist my mother's help in your behalf. You shall hear from me in a few days. In the meanwhile you must not want for food; "and pressing a soverign into her hand, he followed five out upon the filthy landing.

"You must let me take you safely out of these awful courts and arrests," he said.

"Thank you," she answered, gratefully; "they frighten me. The men and women, too, are so deadful, they scarcely seem human; and yet can you wonder that it is ac, when you see how wretchedly they live?"

"Poor wretches! Miss Casanbon, have you far to go whan we leave these awful purillens behind?"

"Only two miles," she answered, cheer-

"Only two miles," she answered, cheer-

fully But he, remembering that she had given all

she possessed to Hannah Rawe, and that she had already walked far, and looked weary, lenged to place his purse as her disposal; but something in her manner and appearance con-vinced him that she would indignantly refuse to accept even the ordinary "tram fare;" so

he said merely,—
"I may walk with you towards your resi-

dense ?

"That is unnecessary, thank you. Once out of these courts, I know my way perfectly well, and I must hurry home; mother will be anxious concerning me. This is my early day; that is, I leave bnainess at four on-Thursday, and am usually home before five. It is nearly six now, and it is gasting dark."
"Then there is all the more reason that you should not go alone. If you absolutely forbid me to walk with you, I will not annoy

you in any way ; but I shall follow you closely, to see that no one molests you.

Despite the slight drawl, his voice was

masterful.

Eve besitated a moment, scarcely knowing what to do; then she said, very gravely and

simply,—
"I am not a lady, and I am too accustomed to walk to and fro to business to feel any fear of these atreets save at night; but if you insist upon accompanying me, I will say no more. But after to night, if you please, should we chance to meet, we are not even accompanyances."

she had gained her refinement of speech and manuer.

She were nothing but the ordinary black contours of milliners and shop assistants, yet she seemed to invest it with a peculiar gracs. He was not a man about town, and he did

not even guess that many girls in her position are superior in education and delicacy of feeling to their more fortunate sisters. Presently

"Did you always live in town, Miss Casau-

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"Oh, no. We came up—mother, Hilda (she is my slater) and I—only four years ago, My father was a tradesman in a small town, and when he died there was very little left for us to live upon. So mother resolved to come to London, thinking she could place Hilda and me out to more advantage here." "I hope she has been successful."

"Not so far as she expected. I carn less than she supposed I should; and Hilde is only fourteen je; and se too young to go to busi-

"And you like your your business?"

"I hate it," withsudden vehemence. "When father died I was away at school. I was intended for a governess, but of course I had then to leave, the expenses being too great for mother to bear. It was a great grief to her; but she is growing accustomed to it now. It

By this time they had reached a row of respectable-looking histors, and Eve paused. "This is home," she said; "thank you for your escort, and still more for your kindness to life. Rowe. I am sure you will not regret it. Good-night."

And then, he could not iell what impulse urged him to make so foolish and presump-tuous a request, but as he held the little hand in his, he seked,—

"And may I not see you again? Is our acquaintance to begin and end with to-

day?"
"Yes," she said, coldly; "we move in different spheres," and without another word she left him standing silent and abashed.

From his coign of vantage he saw her enter the house she had indicated. A girl of fourteen opened the door to her,

"On Eve, how have you and!" she cried;

"mother was getting quite nervous about you. What has kept you?"
He did not hear the low voiced reply, for the door closed behind the sisters, and he wont away slowly, perhaps a little modelly.

"What a presumptuous fool I was to ask for a meeting," he thought, "If she had said yes

I should have been disappointed in her; but she wisely refused, and yet I am not content. But why? why?" It was strange how his mind dwelt upon Eve Casaubon. He had the reputation of a

cynic, and the leveliest women (and he had seen many) had fatled to touch his heart if ever so little; some had pleased his fastidious taste, but nothing more.

And yet this girl of the people, with no social advantages, with only her pure sweet face and luminous eyes for her dowry, haunted him until he was angry with himself, almost with her.

CHAPTER II.

It was not hard to interest Mrs. Montrath in Hannah Rowe's case; the proud old aristocrat was as generous and large hearted as she was proud, and that is saying a great deal. She would have gone at once to Paradise Alley, but this Carew negatived at

"That is perfectly impossible, mother, You must make me your ambassidor. Why, you would be mobbed if you ventured there,"

"Then there must be danger for you too," quickly; but he smiled.
"I am quite capable of taking care of

woman? She really seems a decent oreasure, and there is no mistake about her poverty."

" On, Gillson will be able to find her work about the house for at least three days each week, and if she proves capable and honest I will recommend her to others. I should like to see her at once."

"You have only to speak and I obey," Carew said, lightly; "but the first thing to do is to remove her from that poleonous sink of iniquity. I have no doubt I can find a respectable apartment, if you will entrust the commission to me."

"My dear boy," said the old lady, laying an affectionate hand upon his arm, "how good you are to take so much trouble upon yourself for this peor wait."

"You think too well of me mother," with his usual languid smile, "I am doing this simply because it is a fresh amusement, not

through philanthropic mostves."
"But I know you better, and every day I thank Heaven for my good son."
A slight colour rose to the hundsome face.

In his heart he knew that although he would have betriended Hannah Rows so far as so resous her from Bourshier's clutches, he never should have given a second thought to her, but that through her he had met Eve Casaubon, and Eve was sorry for and wishful to help her

But he would not admit so much as this to himself. He was a proud man, he had atways invelghed against unequal marriages; but he was an honourable man too, and so— well, so he must not attempt to see Eve, or

well so he must not among to see here, or in any way strive to win her affections.

His whole soul revolted as he ensered the feeld alley; but he did not turn back, although he smiled grimly to think of the attough he smiled grimly to think of the astonishment his own set would display could they see Cynic Montrath turned missionsry. Half-way down the alley he felt a hand making a stealthy dive into his pocket. He caught it in a grip of iron, and wheeling round faced a wretched-locking lad of thirteen, who being detected, whined,—

"Lemme slone; won't yer? If I how out, you'd be murdered afore you could say

on'd be murdered store you could say

knives.

"But you won't howl," quietly, whilst the calm, rather cold eyes may the boy's, "You may if you please. I'm quite ready to risk the

The poor littly wretch muttered an oath

under his breath, then he said,—
"I guess yer goin' to lag me. Well, I don's
much keer. It can't be no wus in jall than

Carew locaed him.

"No, I wen't look you up. Don't be so ready to jump aronolusion, my young friend. Take this, and mind you get a square meal with it, and remember that your neighbour's ode are his own."

The boy did not understand much of the speech, but he perfectly understood the value of the bright florin in his dirry palm, and, forgetting even to thank the donor, he shambled off to the nearest cook shop to obey Carew's

"I'm turning moralist," thought that gentleman, as he climbed the stairs to Hannah's room. "I begin to see I have missed my voca-

In his easy, cynical way he conveyed his news to the poor soul, waving saide her thanks, and treating the whole matter as an everyday congresses, so that, despite her gratitude, she did not understand him, and stood not a little in awe of hime

Within a week she and Lizzy were removed to a room in a poor but respectable neighbour-hood, and from a store of disparded furniture in the lumber room Mrs. Montrath had sent in a table, bed, three chairs and numberless odds and ends. Then Hannah proved herself so capable both at house and needlework that the lady felt no rectiple in recommending her guess the rest, to numerous friends whose services required. At the close of two months he was in the extra assistance; so brighter days word in habit of meeting her, and walking with her to

myself. Wast do you propose doing for the store for the described wife and child. And Carew at O lid have been content; as a marger of fact he was not.

He wanted to see Eve. Every time Hannah spoke to him, she asked for news of "the dear young lady," until he salved his conscience by saying it would be an act of kindness to obtain them for her. He walked down to Elaine Terrace; but he had not the courage to present himself at number five, and went home again, diseasistied with bimself and all the world. Not a glimpse had he caught of Eve, though he hardly expected that, because it was the middle of the day, and where her place of business was he could not guess. But he rose as an abnormally early hour the next morning, and returning to the Terrace had his reward. Eve came out dressed for walking, and her Eve came out dressed for waiting, and ner young atter accompanied her through the little strip of ground which did duty for a garden. It pleased him to see the child was not less refined in appearance than her silver. "You'll get home early to night, Eve," said Hidds, "It is such a treat to have you in to

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"I will make all possible haste, dear; run

in now, it is a raw morning."

He listened unecen, being screened by a photographer's show case, and then, as Eve started on her journey, he followed at a safe distance. Presently she stepped into a tram, and he, taking a cab, bade the driver keep the tram in sight, and to stop so soon as he signalled. Close to Oxford Street Eve Casanton got down, and Carew, feeling, awfully ashaned of himself, followed her again. feeling. He had the satisfaction of sseing her enter a millipery easablishment, which bore the sign, "M. Pringle, milliper and modiste."

In the afternoon, when Eve came out slone, as she always did, she was startled by hearing

a voice close by say,—
"This is a most pleasant rencontre, Miss
Casanbon. I have been hoping so see you, having so much to tell you."

The sweet young face was slightly flushed, the lovely brown eyes troubled.

" Does your news concern Mrs. Rows?" sho

"Yes; she is very anxious you should know her improved condition; the child is rapidly mending, and the mother is so graveful to you

"That she made you her messenger? That was not well done, Mr. Montrath. Will you please assure Mrs. Rowe how glad I am to hear of her welfare? but tell her, too, that I would prefer she should make her communi-

cation either personally or by letter."

Man of the world as he might be, he flushed orimson; he knew that he deserved the rebuke underlying Eve's words, and yet he

would not leave her.
"I did not say Mrs. Rows asked me to convey her message to you; but, chancing to see you before me, I was bold enough to follow you, thinking I had brought you pleasant news."

She fergave him at once, believing their meeting was accidental, but, much to his chagrin, she took a tram at the earliest point possible. She was wiser than he, he told himself, and yet he would not submit to be so ignored; so day after day, he made his way to Mrs. Pringle's, waiting patiently for Eve to appear.

He did not know how it all would end, he would not even think. Love had come to him late. He was thirty, and had never had the slightest attachment before; consequently this evas but the more violent.

At first Eve continued to treat him coldly;

in self-defence she even begged or e or two she girls to walk towards home with her; but in the end her strength began to fail her. Little by little, at first unknown to herself, but none the less surely, she grew interested in Carew Montrath; and his courtesy, his kindness, touching her heart; you may readily

Elaine-terrace; and she had grown to love him with all her heart, although not one word of passion had as yet passed his lips. And for the first time in her life she had a scoret from her mother. Her daily companions were not unaware of Carew's attentions, and from their jealousy, although she did not guess it, Eve had much to fear.

One night when she reached home she found Hannah Rowe ensooned in an easy chair, talking eagerly to her mother and Hilds, and so great was the change for the failed to recognise her. It was not only that her appearance that Eve almost failed to recognise her. It was not only that ahe was comfortably dressed, and that her lace no longer wore a pinched look of want, but her eyes shone with a happy light, and

years seemed to have dropped from her.
"Oh, miss," she said, as the girl entered,
"I'm glad you've come; I couldn't bear the notion of going away without seeing you; and we start early to morrow, so I couldn't have come again.

"Where are you going, Mrs. Rowe?" asked Eve—she was looking pale and weary, but abe roused herself to take an interest in

"I'm going home with Tom, my husband,
"I'm going home with Tom, my husband,
miss, and it's you I've got to thank for it all,
miss, and it's you I've got to thank for it all, you and Mr. Montrash, but you fiest of any.
It is just like this; Mrs. Gillson, the housekeeper at Mr. Montrash's, came the other
day to me with a paper, saying, 'I think this
concerns you,' and I 'most fainted when I read the advertisement she showed me. It was from Tom-my Tom-begging me to return to him. Well, I wrote, miss, and yes-

terday he came up for me and Lizzy.

When we quarrelled he left me and went off to sea, scarce knowing what he did for the drink; and when he came to his senses he was mad with grief, but there was no chance of getting away. He wrote to me often, but of course his letters never found me, and he of course his levers have. When he came back, and went to the old place where we lodged, no one could tell him anything about us, and he went nigh broken-hearted back home. he got a lodge keeper's place to a great gentle-man, and that's where me and Lizzy are going to-morrow. I've told him all the truth, miss, about that dreadful day, and he blames himself—not me; and he says, miss, he'll be a proud and happy man it your ma and you young ladies will honour us with a visit."

She stopped then, quite breathless with the

story she had poured out, and Eve said,

gently,—
"He is very kind; and I am quite sure, as
the summer advances, Hilda will be glad to
accept your invite; but mother is too much of
an invalid to travel, and I do not like to leave

"Bat the country air would set you both up, miss. Now do think it over,"

I promise you I will do that; and, believe me, Mrs. Rowe, no one rejoices in your happi-ness more than I;" and then, when the visitor was gone, she sank back in her chair with closed eyes and so white a face that Mrs. Casanbon explaimed.

"Eve, my dear child, are you ill?"

"Eve, my dear child, are you ill?"

"Nos ill, mother, only a little tired. The day has been a trying one; but a night's rest will refresh me," and then she roused herself to talk with her mother and sister upon the topics of the day.

But that night, whilst Hilds slept quietly

beside her, she lay with wide open eyes, think ing, thinking sadly of the future which seemed to stretch so darkly before her.

She knew Carew loved her, although he had never confessed so much; but were there not-

Words, a thought too tender For the common places spoken ? Looks whose meaning seemed to render Help to words when speech came broken,

But she knew, too-ah! Heaven help her! that he had no thought of linking his life to hers. How could that be? To her he shone

as "a bright particular star," she could only love and worship him.

They called the emselves friends, but neither was deceived by the word; and Eve was half content to let matters rest as they were, save when she thought that some day or other that friendship must end, and each go a separate

She buried her face in her pillows and wep heartbrokenly; thinking, poor child, as many a girl has thought before, that the anguish of parting would kill her.

She almost feared it would come soon, for of late there had been subtle change in Carew's manner; a strange hint of coldness, of coming sorrow. She did not know he was of coming sorrow. She did not know he was afraid of himself, afraid less he should, in a moment of madness, take the step which should alienate his mother and relatives from him, and make him the laughing stock of his set; and nothing could be worse to "Cynic Montrath " than ridicule.

He had always held that unequal marriages were foolish, almost oriminal, and yet all his heart was crying out to him to make this poor

listle milliner his wife.

After a weary night Eve rose unrefreshed and heavy-eyed. She scarcely tasted the coffee which Hilda prepared for her, and, charging the child to say nothing to Mrs Cassubon, who still slept, of her indisposition, she went out to her uncongenial work, to the society of unsympathetic companions, and her beart

was heavy wishin her.
She bought some daffodils of a flower girl as she went. They were always her favourite spring blossoms. After to day she would never look upon their golden glory without suffering again the anguish of pain which came to her

with the falling eve.

Now she fastened them in her jacket (Carew had never seen her without flowers). Sometimes he brough: her choicest blossoms. and she valued them because they were his gifts; but her heart clung lovingly to the old favourites, and now as she walked she saw as in a dream the dear, rambling, old fashioned garden, where she and Hilds had played together as little children, before their father died, and the tears rose unbidden to her eyes, she soarcely knew they were there.

It was strange how her memory would return to that happy, happy past—to-day of

She was singularly quiet through all the long hours of labour. If the girls regarded her curiously, she was unconscious of sheir scrutiny, she hardly heard the scoffs or words of mock sympathy which some of them lavished upon her, and her flagers moved mechanically.
At eight o'clock work was laid aside; Eve

dressed with trembling haste. Carew would be waiting her. She fastened the daffodils at her throat, they made a bright speck of colour against the sombre garments her business necessitated, and Carew liked pretty things.

He was waiting for her, and under the iamplight his face looked unusually pals and stern, for to-night he had resolved to decide his own fate and Eve's.

He scarcely spoke as he took her hand, and, drawing it within his own, led her away from that detestable shop."

They walked in almost utter silence until

they reached one of those open spaces so common now—a churchyard converted into gardens, and Carew, saying, "You will spare me a little time to night, Eve—you are not in a hurry to reach home?" opened the gates

Then he found a seat under a weeping ash,

and of this they took possession.

Toe gardens were all but deserted at this hour, and to all intents and purposes they were alone.

But Care w Montrath seemed in no haste to say the words he knew would almost break Eve's hears, and would rob his life of its fullest and purest joy; and she waited in sick suspense for the trouble she felt was coming. It was two days since she had seen him. H: had been busily engaged—that is, his social duties had monopolised all his time, much against his will; and Eve had learned to the full the bitter case of one who loves a man " whose rank exceeds her own."

> "He mixing with his proper sphere, She finds the baseness of her lot, Half jealous, of she knows not what, And envying all who meet him there."

Toese were the words she was saying to herself again and again when his voice broke in upon her reveris. It sounded strained and

"Eve, I have brought you here to night because there is something I must say to you; and it is better not to delay saying it longer."

She made a sign that she was listening. She could not speak, her heart was beating so wildly, and her tongue clave to the roof of

"I must seem most cruel to you—indeed I have been cruel—and now I want to atone for my brutality. After to night, Eve, I have re-solved to see you no more."

CHAPTER III.

SHE caught her breath shudderingly, and her hands came together with a gesture of

despair.

He dared not look at her. For the first time in his life he was wholly ashamed of himself—he, who had prided himself on his honour, of his freedom from other man's vices and

But he was determined to spare neither himself nor Eve. She would the sconer for-get, he thought, not being well versed in women's ways. So he went on almost

"I never ought to have sought your friend-ship; the fault is all mine, there is no blame attaching to you. I know you tried always to avoid me, but I was mad, I think. I felt I must see you, hear your voice, make you care for me, if ever so little. We men are a selfish lot, and I never gave a thought to the fact that you might suffer. Upon my soul, Eve, I would give half my worldly goods to be able two undo the past. I, a man of the world, knowing how censorious the world is, should have had mercy on you; but I had none. I was bent upon gratifying my own selfish passion. Forgive me if you can; forget me, unless you remember me to loathe and despise me, as I despise myself. Why are you so still? Have you nothing to say? Eve, anything is better than your awful silence! Dear, don's you see how impossible it is we should marry? A man owes it to his position to choose his wife from his own rank."

"That is so." she said, wailingly. "Oh! why why did you not remember this betore?"

At the agony in her voice, the strong man shivered. What was he? Oh! what was he, to have laid waste that fair, sweet life? But shivered. she had uttered her last reproach.

"I felt," she said, drearily, "I felt always that only sorrow was before me. I knew that even though you might love me, I was all unfi: to be your wife. It has not been a happy time for me, though I have often forgotten this when with you; but every night the thought has been with me, 'We must part.' It is better to part now, is it not? Perhaps—parhaps it will not be so hard; we have not known each other long. It may be easy to forget."

He could not see her face, her head had drooped so low, but the anguish in her voice amote him like a sword.

"Eve, oh, Heaven! Eve, do not be so merciful to me. Reproach me if you will. There is nothing bitter you can say I do not deserve." She lifted her beautiful eyes to his. Were

ver eyes so mournful?
"No," she said, "now that we are parting

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never to meet any more, les all our words be kind. You did not think, you did not know, that I should suffer much——"

"I love you; if that is any consolation to you, remember I love you. If I were a better and a stronger man, or if I were a weaker, I might risk the world's opinion; but being neither one nor the other, I cannot do it. Eve, my darling! my little darling. I am not thy to touch your hand.'

worthy to touch your hand."

She was silent, it seemed to her that she must die; and yet, does grief ever kill? She lifted her ashen face to the cold, starlit sky, and she tried to pray, but could not; she only felt a longing desire to creep a way from the world, from all she had ever known, and in someway forget her wound. Carew's eyes, haggard and removaciul, rested upon her. He could scarcely contro! his voice sufficiently to Never in all his life had any calamity sonohed him as did Eve's despair. make her understand his own worthlessness if

make her understand his own worthlessness if he would kill her love. He hated to think she should regard him with scorn, and yet what else did he deserve? "Eve," he said, presently, "you are so young, and men are notoriously fickle. We shall both forget. When you are a happy wife you will even smile a little over this brief enjoyd in your life and smiling will foreign episode in your life, and, smiling, will forgive me. I shall probably choose a wife, and settle down to a prosaic existence, and so all will be well for both."

"Don't !" she cried, "nothing will be well for me any more. We women are not such slight creatures as you would believe. Love is our life—the very essence of our life—I that we lose all ! I do not blame you! -losing have given me many happy hours, and for those I thank you; but the days of my youth are over. To night I bid good-bye to them for all time, and oh! may Heaven make you happier than I can ever be again."

He cursed himself then for his wanton cruelty; he was even on the point of retract-ing all he had said, of praying her to be his own dear and honoured wife. despite all he had urged to the contrary. But he was not wholly blinded by his passion, and in a short time common sense resumed its dominion over him. He took those little hands in his—dear helpful, toiling, ringless hands—and gently drew them together until they rested on his

"Eve, Eve! sweetest and dearest! I shall love you all my life. I shall long for you always; but it cannot be!"

Her head drooped forward until it rested

upon his shoulder. She was not crying, her wound was too deep yet for tears, she only leant against him in utter angulah and dumb upon his shoulder submission to her fate. Womanly women do not give voice to their heart sorrows; rather they are anxious to hide them and face the world smilingly.

Long they stood together thus, whilst the ild moon rose and brightened the whole some; whilst the stars shone down pityingly upon the bowed dark head of the wresched girl; and the loneliness, the quiet of the place, made it difficult for either to ramember they were in the very heart of busy, delightful,

At last Eve spoke.

"Let us be going, it is very late. Or shall we say good-bye here?"

"Our real good-bye? Yes; but I will not let you pass through the streets alone so late. I will walk with you to Elaine-terrace, and then, Heaven helping me, I will see you no more !

He unclasped her hands, and drew them about his neck,
"Kiss me," he said, "It is an eternal fare-

well t Through all those days of happiness and

misery their lips had never touched. Eve was not a girl lightly to bestow her favours; but now she did not say him nay. The sweet mouth was lifted to bis, her arms clung about his neck; once she kissed him, as one kisses one's beloved dead; then with a little tearless

sob she tore herself apart, and walked so hastily towards the gate that he had some ado to keep pace with her. Outside he captured her hand, and drawing it within his

arm said, repreachfully,—
"Do not be in such a hurry to leave me. It is our last meeting !

Ah, the selfi-bness of men! He was in-finitely superior to his kind in many things, but in this one thing he fell to the lowest

Eve did not gainsay him; it was torture to remain with him, and yet what anguish would it be to live without the almost daily sight of him! So she allowed him to have his own will, but soarcely a word passed between them until they reached Elaine terrace.

There they paused; it was a very quiet spot. It even struck the girl it was particularly quiet to night. She laid her cold, trembling hand in her lover's.

"Good-bye," she said, under her breath.
"I shall think of you and pray for you always. I never shall have one evil thought of you—good bye."

of you—good bye."

There was no one near. He took her in his arms and kissed her madly again and again, but not a word did he utter, he was con-

sumed with shams.

Then with a sudden wrench the girl was free, and, almost before he guessed it, he was alone, his arms were empty.

> "But his heart was full And would be full of her for evermore."

Swiftly Eve went towards the door of her home. It was opened immediately by the landlady, who gave a cry of relief at seeing

"Ob, Miss Eve, Miss Eve! how glad I am you've come at last!"
"What is it? 'cried Eye; "tell me quickly,

what has happened?"

what has happened?"
"Your mamma, dear. There, don't look so
frightened—she is ill, and we sent for Doctor
Routh—but there is hope!"
She got no further; the girl fied by her into
her mother's chamber, and her heart stood still

at what she saw. That dear mother lay silent and white, scarcely breathing, quite un-conscious, whilst beside her on the bed was poor little Hilds sobbing wildly. At the bedside sat Doctor Routh. He looked up

pityingly as the pale girl entered. Straight to him she went; the faded daffodils at her threat swayed with every

movement and every breath.
"Tell me the truth," she said, in a low voice, "it is my right to know.

He took her hand in his with a fatherly

touch.
"Are you strong enough to bear it?"
He felt her tremble a moment, then grow

"Yes," she said, not a word more.
"Then, my poor child, there is no hope. I doubt if your mother will live until morning.

She may not even recover consciousness."

He paused then, atraid of the effects of his communication; for Eve's face had all the stony horror of a Medusa upon it—her lips

were parted, and her eyes were wild.

But with a violent effort she repressed her longing to shrick aloud.
"Tell me what to do," she said.

"First get your sister away; she has exhausted herself with her weeping, she will sleep now, poor child! Then return to

It was the landlord, who, lifting the girl in his arms parried her to the room she shared with Eve. and a little later his wife announced Miss Hilds was fast saleep.

Eve paid no attention to her words, all h thought were given to her mother, and with all her heart she longed now to confess her secret Alas! alas! soon her words would fall on deaf ears. There would be no one to comfort her—no one to put a fond arm about her, and bid her hope for peace in the days to Suddenly Doctor Routh, touched her

"If you have anything to say, say it now, vonr mother is conscious.

The brown eyes so like Eve's opened wide, and the girl flioging herself on her knees, cried wildly,— "Mother! mother! do not leave me

without a word! I have so much to be sorry for. Forgive! forgive!"

One dying hand made a tremulous effort to

reach the bowed head, as though in blessing.

The dying voice faltered,—

"You—bave—always—been a—good girl—
take care of—Hilda—Eve—my darling;" and
then it died out, and Eve Casaubon was an
orphan. Her two greatest sorrows had come to
her in on night her in one night.

All through the next sad day there was no one to help her; she had Hilda to comfort, the necessary certificates to obtain, the undertaker and dressmaker to interview; all those sad and awful preliminaries to a funeral from which the stoutest heart will sometimes shrink.

She had not even forgotten to write to Mrs. Pringle, telling her that she could not return to her duties until the following Monday; and when all was done, the sisters sat together, with hands fast clasped, or sometimes stole to that quiet room, "to look at mother," and that quiet room, "to look at mother," and kiss the face left beautiful by death. And always Hilds cried, but never a tear came to ease the aching of poor Eve's heart; and those who did not understand, thought her cold and heartless

Then followed the simple funeral; nothing could have been more unpresentious, and the only mourners were the two crphans. Throughout the solemn service Eve was compelled to support her half fainting sister; and sometimes, so weak had she grown, she reeled beneath the burden.

A big, burly-looking woman standing by saw this, and her hard eyes gew suddenly soft, through a mist of unacoustomed tears, so that when the service was over, she made her way to Eve.

her way to Eve.

"Cling to .me, lovey," she said. "I'm strong enough to bear both on yer; there, there, my dearle, ory if yer will—it'll do yer good," and all suddenly Eve slipped upon her knees beside the open grave and wept as if her heart would break, whilst the woman kept fast hold of Hilda and would have no

one approach the weeping girl.

In a little while Eve rose; she was calmer now, but she dared not trust herself to speak. Her poor friend saw this, and led her gently, as she would a little child, to the waiting coach; there Eve lifted her face and kissed her, and so without a word they parted, never to meet again; but the woman never forgot that grateful kiss, the look of the cark eyes which thanked her more elequently than words could do—and now and again the memory of these things saved her from evil deeds

After the funeral Eve was compelled to con-After the toneral Lev was compense to outsider their position. Oh, for a strong arm to lean upon! oh, for some one so speak words of comfort and help! Carefully she went over her mother's affairs; they had no debts, but Mrs. Casaubon's income died with her, and, after all expenses were paid, but thirty pounds remained to the sisters. They had pounds remained to the sisters. They had rented three rooms at number five, which they had furnished with articles brought from their dear old home; but Eve earned only eight shillings weekly, and their little store would soon be gone; so it was evident they must be stent to economise.

We must take one room in a cheaper neighbourhood, Hilda," said the elder sister, and we need not keep more than enough to furnish is comfortably. I will call in a broker and dispose of the rest, which we will bank for a rainy day. You won't mind, will you, Hilda? because, you see, we shall be out all day, for I intend asking Mrs. Pringle to take you as an apprentice, and then we shall be always

"Toat will be ploe," answered Hilds; "hat you will ter to save mother's things?"

"Yes, dear, yes," and then she kissed the child, wondering in her heart if Carew could have left her so utterly had he known what

A broker was duly called in, and Eve, being wholly inexperienced in such matters, was quite at his mercy; she dared not even remonstrate when he paid her something like a tenth of their value for her charlished idols; it was so small a sum, however, that she did not attempt to bank it. And so, half broken-teasted, the orphans removed to a room in a poorer neighbourhood, leaving no address -why should they, seeing they had no frienda?

There Eve made things as comfortable as the could, and tried hard to believe all would De well; honesily strove to forget Carew, but her obstinate, fooligh, faithful heart would ever keep orying for him; and all her sould remember her love dream when "mother" lay alone in her quiet grave.

And so that cruel week were away, and on the Monday Eve dressed herself for business. "You will be dull, I am afraid," the said, at parting; "but you must not mind it just for one day. And on no account speak to any at the lodgers. We are by ourselves. Hithe, and must be careful to form no undestrable acquaintances. To morrow I hope we shall o to business together; and, in the mean-white, I will be looking for a better situation, I have got to be mother and sister too now, dear." Then she kissed the child and went

All along the street, were the flower girls, with great clusters of golden daffodile and many nued hyacinths. She shuddered as she

Daffodils! She had worn them when she said good bye to Carew, to love and joy; they had fallen, faded and withered, from her breast as she knell by her dead mother's bed

she had found them the next morning,
"I hate you, beautiful flowers," ahe thought
her poor, distraught brain. "I shall hate

in her poor, distraught brain. "I shall hate you always."
All along the weary way, for she dared not now indules in the luxury of tram or bus, she was thinking of these things; and when she entered Mrs. Pringle's establishment she was unconscious of the curious looks cast upon her.

Two or three girls came forward to meet her, commiserating with her upon her pale looks, sympathising with her upon her cruel loss; but the remainder held aloof, exchanging whispers amongst themselves. Presently a part apprentice arrived on the scane.

"Miss Casanbou, you are not to commence work," she said, flippantly. "Mamma Pringle wants to see you, and T guess you're in for a

wigging."
Eve's heart sank within her. But what had she to fear? She had borne the worst shat life could know—she had lost lover. mother, all in a few short days. There could be no other bitter drop left her to drain in the onp offered ber.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Prince looked up severely as Eve

entered, and bidding her close the door, plunged at once into her subject.

"I deeply regret, Miss Casanbon, that I should have occasion to reprimend you after your recent loss; but I owe it to myself and my assistants to maintain the respectability of my establishment. I hardly can believe that the report I have heard concerning you is true. I hope, for your own sake, it is not. Are you, or are you not, in the habit of meeting and walking with a gentleman after business

The colour came and went in Eve's face, Was that too a sin? She tried to speak, and failed. B. Mrs. Priogle went on with increasing severity.

"I am afraid that your silence condemns you; but I give you the chance to defend yourself against the charge, "Medam," Eve said, tremulously, "I do not think I have given you any ground for

complaint."

"That seems to be tantament to a confession. The gaged wife? This gentleman-are you his en-

"Has he presented you to his family? Are you acknowledged by them in any way?"

For the very life of her Eve could only answer in monosyllables; and momentarily Mrs. Pringle's face hardened, her eyes were

"Then I can only conclude you have allowed yourself to be the amusement of a man who has not, and never had, a thought of marrying you. Men of his rank do not marry work girls. You are old enough to marry work girls. You are old enough to know that. You have not even the excuse of believing yourself his fance; and so, much as I regret to appear harsh, I must dispense for the future with year services."

Then the poor girl found voice and courage to speak in her own behalf.

"Mrs. Pringle, I have done nothing wrong. The respect in which Mr. —, my friend, holds me is that which every honest man gives every honest woman."

"Did your mother know of this friendship?" sneered her employer; and Eve was forced to reply in the negative. "I thought not. It was altogether a clandestine affair;

the world looks angictiously on such things, and I must protect myself."

"Bus," urged Eve, "if I promise you never to see him again, if I tell you that there shall be no repetition of my fault, will you not reconsider your decision?"

"You mean," said this marrilless women.

"You mean," said this merciless woman,
that your aristocratic lover has wested of
you. You might have known that such experience would be yours soon or late. are employers less particular than I in such matters. Pray, consider yourself free to offer your services elsewhere !"

"Ob, remember, I beg you to remember, that but for my sister I am all slone in the world, and Hilda is wholly dependent upon me. You cannot mean this oxuel and unjust

thing!"
"I am very sorry for your sister, it is hard "I am very sorry for your sister, it is hard she should suffer for your fault; but I cannot see the injustice of my action. Here is your week's wage in lieu of the customary notice, and I shall be obliged if you will leave atonce, and without communicating with your former companions. I need scarcely say that I cannot give you satisfactory references. It would be best not to apply to me."

She counted out eight pitiful billings, and watched whilst Eve, with trembling fingers, gathered them together. Not all the heavy

watched whilst Eve, with trembling fingers, gathered them together. Not all the heavy sorrow of the girl's face, not her recent bersevement, or her desolate candition, touched her hard hears.

Her employ of were only so many machines in her eyes. They were of different clay to herself, and if one displaced her, why, she must go. It would not be hard to fill her place. Beside, Eve Casanbon was not a very clever milliner, perhaps because her heart had never been in her work. never been in her work.

Without a word the girl went towards the Without a word the girl went towards me door, from whence she cast one last appealing look towards Airs. Pringle; but meeting no response, she sighed heavily, and, turning away, went downstairs into the noisy streat. Her brain was in a whirl, her heart was beating cruelly against her side, and her syes were blinded by a mist of fear and pain. She

were blinded by a mist of fear and pain. She wished, dully, that she had read less, for scraps of passionate verse, laden with love and anguish, came to torsure her as she mechanically waited homewards,—

44 So tired, so tired, my heart and I, For none now takes me on his arm, To fold me close and kiss me warm,"

Again and sgain those words returned to her, although the tried not to hear them, tried not to remember the lover for whose sake she had lost all,

When she came to the gardens where they had said good bye she went in, and pacing with bowed head fought madly for calmass. But the blows she had endured were too deep and too recent for this, and with a stilled sob she went again into the busy thoroughfares, coming at last to her own poor home. Balda met her with words of surprise at her

early return, with anxious inquiries concern-ing her health; but Eve could not answer. She od like a statue in the centre of the room until Hilda's kisses unlocked the fountain of her tears; then flinging herself on her knees she hid her face in the child's skirts, sobbing so wildly, with such terrible abandon, that Hilds was frightened, and implosed her, brokenly, "not to break down now mother was gone."

Wish a passionate effort at self-control Eve-looked up. Tears were streaming down her worn face; but she contrived to say.—

"I shall be all right now, dear, only—only the blow was so andden, so unexpected. Mrs. Pringle does not want me any more. She has dismissed me!"

"On, Eye! and shall we starve?" blant-horror in eye and voice. "No, dear; please Heaven I shall soon ges "No, dear; please Heaven I shall soon get, work, and we have enough money to last us a long while yet if we are moderately careful. And new, I will lie down to rest an hour or two, then we will go out together to dearch for a situation. We count not be too particular. If I can find nothing to do in my own trade I must be content to go to service. I might possibly get a nursemaid's situation."

"Oh, Evel you would have to wear caps, and push a perambulator."

"There would be no diegrace in that, Hilds, and beggars cannot be choosers."

She spoke bravely enough now, although her heart shrank from such a prospect. But she was to be mother and sister in one to Hilds, and she must not begin by being

oowardly.
After this there began the weary, weary search for work; but at every turn she was confronted by the question for relerences, and, having none to give, the would be employer

regarded her suspiciously, and dismissed her. She was heartsick and hopsless. Their little store of money was gradually dwineling, and when it was gone, what would they do? Think of it! Two helpless, triendless, almost penniless girls, all alone in cruel London, with no one to stand between them and poverty, with no one to ward off temptation, hould temptation come.

In the meanwhite, Carew Montrath's In the meanwhite, Carew Montrahl's conscience gave him no rest, and his heart-cried out for Eve with such mossaling clament that, against his will, against his bester judgment, be determined to see her it only once more. He even felt it would not be wholly impossible for him to eacrifice his pride on the after of his love. He he repaired to the old spot. It was a month since he and Eve had parted, and he wondered how she would look, how she would greet him. Should he find her paler and thinner? Would she give him none but cold words, and proud looks? No, Eve could never be cold or proud to him; and comforting himself with this reflection he waited patiently for her ap-

But, to his dismay, Mrs. Pringle's door closed upon the last of her employés, and Eve was not amongst them. He had bad enough

was not amongst them. He had had enough of suspense, so he ventured to address one of the girls, inquiring if Miss Casaubon had not been to business that day.

It was the pert apprentice to whom he spoke, and she answered sharply,—
"She hasn't been since the last night you were here. Mrs. Pringle dismissed her for walking with you" and she ran off to join the other girls, atraidless the milliner's sharp

eyes should detect her in conversation with

Carew Montrath.

Dismissed! Eve disgraced because of him! This was the truit of his folly, and be staggared under the knowledge of it. His Eve, his presty, gentle, pure hearted Eve! Had she not suffered enough already because

"I have been a brute," he said, in a fierce sell scorn and hate; "but, please Heaven, my girl, I will atone to you for all yet!" and then with sudden resolve he rang the milliner's bell, and requested to be shown into her

This woman, who had so cruelly treated Eve, should know at least that she was above suspicion. Never in his life had he been so consumed by anger.

Mrs. Pringle looked up in surprise and some admiration as the tall aristocratic man

was unbread into the room; but his abrupt question startled and annoyed her.

"I believe, madam, until a month ago you employed a young lady by name Cassubon. Is that so?"

I regret to say it is," with her most

virtuous air.
"May Lask why you dismissed her?"

For flightiness of conduct. I was sorry to do it, but for my own sake-He interrupted her mercilesely.

In what did har flightiness consist?" " She was in the habit of walking and flirt-

ing with gentlemen."

Be careful, madam," he said, between his nehed teeth, "Anyone who libels my clenched teeth. faince wife must snawer to me fer it; and I have yet to learn a lady breaks any rule of decorum in giving her fancée a share of her

Mrs. Pringle was confounded, but she con-

trived to say, - "It Miss Casanbon had been frank with me this would not have inspersed; but when I pressed her to tell me the truth, she declared

she was not even engaged to you. She had promised not to see you again."
"It was not then expedient that our engagement should be made public, but you had known Miss Casaubon sufficiently los have formed a more correct estimate of her character. It would be well in future, madam, to be less hasty and more charitable in your judgment. If others repeat this vite libel I bey you to refer them to me,"—and casting his card upon the table before her, he bewed himself out before the astonished milliner had recovered her scattered senses. however, she took up the card he had so angrily thrown down.

Carew Mentrath! Oh, dear, what a blunder I have made. Why, the Montraths are awfully rich, and when Eve was married the I wish I had not listened to the girls. I believe it was jealous; made them barries her secret. I wish I had been a little less hasty." would doubtless have given me her patronage.

But such wishes were in vain, and she not only went to bed that night, but rose in the morning, in each a frame of mind that the girls found life very unpleasant throughout

When he left Mrs. Pringle's Carew stood a When he left Mrs. Pringle's Carew stood a moment, thinking what next to do. It did not take him long to decide; he would go to Mrs. Casanton, and, confessing all, ask het to give Eve to him. How he hoped the mother shared the daughter's refinement, diherwise—but with a shudder he turned from this train of thoughts. He had brought diagracs upon Eve, it was doly justice to give her his own name; and surely his mother, an honodrable woman, would see this.

He reached No. 5. Eleinattirant and

He reacted No. 5, Elaine-terrace, and in answer to his impatient summons the landlady appeared. He inquired for Evo's

"Mrs. Casaubon, air ! why, she died just a month ago to night."

He staggered back as under a heavy blow. Eve-his poor Eve ! She had lost both mother Heaven's pity, that such things should be?

The woman saw his distress, and went on,

compassionately,-"I am sorry to have such ill news for you, sir. The poor lady died quite suddenly; though she had been ill a long while, no one thought of her as dying. Bhe only lived a few hours after Miss Eve came home."

"I must see Miss Casaubon," he said,

agitatedly.

She's gone, sir. After the funeral she sold up her furniture, and went away. She said she must have cheaper lodgings." "Give me her address. It is necessary I

should go to her at once."

"I should be glad to oblige you; but I can't They were nice young ladies, but close about their affairs, and I fancy Miss Eve told the little girl not to mention where they were going; at any rate we don't know."
"Great Heaven!"

All the life and strength seemed stricken from him. Eve-his Eve ! with her wronged and breaking heart, alone in the world, without employment-face to face, it might be, with starvation.

Have you not the slightest clue to guide

me?" he entreated, hearfely.
"No, sir; perhaps the best thing you can
do is to go to Mrs. Pringle. She is almost sure to know where Miss Casanbon lodges."

"Thank you, I sm sorry to have given you so much trouble," and then he went away

staggering like a drunten man.

He called a cab and drove back to the milliner's; but all the lights were out, and no answer came to his summons. He tore a leaf from his pocket book, and writing, "Please oblige by forwarding Miss Casanbon's address to Care Montrath, Palece -gardens," he slipped it through the letter box, and hopeless,

heartsiok, and weary, wint home wards.

In the morning a note came from Mrs.

Pringle, in which "ahe regretted her inability to furnish required information, but she would do her best to discover Miss Casaubon, and would at ones communicate with Mr. would at once communicate with Mr. Monsrath," And then, of course, she sat down to wonder over the mystery, and why, if Eve were the affianced wife of a rich man, she should keep the place of her residence a scores

even from him.

Carew flong her note aside with a groan of detpair, which started Mrs. Montrath and broughs her at once to his side with the

"What is it, my boy?"

"I am the biggest scoundrel unhung," he said. "You have small reason to be proud of me;" and then he told her the whole story from the beginning, whilst are listened with dismay, and yet with pity for the haptess victim of Carew's love. But she was loath to believe evil of her son, the fdol of her life, and she was, besides, intensely proud of her ancient race. But she heard him patiently, and when he had ended, said,

"As a man of honour you must find Miss Casaubon, seeing that the loss of her situation was uncasioned by you; but I cannot help thinking that in a measure the is to blame for all that has occurred. She should have re-

fared to accept your swentions."
"She repulsed me again and again," he answered; "but I was mad with fove of her, and the colder she was the fierest burned my love."

The proud old aristocrat was inclined to believe Eve a very arrival and designing young woman, but out of pity for Carew's pain

she forebore to say this; and he went on,—
"If I do not find her, I will marry no
other woman; she and she alone shall bear

my name."
"Carow! where is your pride? All this seems incredible to me."

"Pride! I have flung it to the wind, where she is concerned, mother; and, don't you see, that if harm comes to her I have her resurn. She would wait for Hannah's worked that harm. If—Great Heaven!—if in her desperation she takes her life, I am She was proud and glad to think Miss

and lover in one night. Oh! where was just as much her murderer as though I had stabbed her to the heart. I will never rest night or day until she is found."

"And you propose that I—your mother, a Loworthy—should countenance an under-bred, ill educated girl as my son's wife!"

"Eve is neither; and you would welcome her first for my sake, then love her for her

Carew, we have never quarrelled, do not let us do so now. But, my dear son, do not quite dash all my hopes to the ground;

have some pisy on your mother."

And then, as she kissed him, she thought. "Sofficient unto the day is the evil thereot," and prayed that by he voly flerceness his love mights concume itself.

CHAPTER V.

Ir was now May, cold and raw, with occasional light falls of show, very heavy hall storms, and keen easterly which, which wholly destroyed the promise given of a

good fruit erop.

The laddes still sported their fare and velvets, and the constant cry war, "The weather!"

Fires were quire as necessary now as in the troaty days of January. The prices of provisions were well up, and Eve Casaubon, footing at her rapidly dwindling store of

money, grew desperate.
What should she do when it was gone, for, as yes, see had found no employment? She had even sought to enter service, and, to her despair, had discovered that no lady would employ her without a character. As would employ her without a character. As a "general" she would have been a complete failure; for she know next to nothing of household work, her life having been wholly spens in the schoolroom and the workroom.

She had grown terribly thin and wan; there were dark circles under her eyes, and her voice had taken a languid tone.

It out Hilds to the heart to see the change in her, and so feel that she was nothing but a burden to the eister who was mother and sister in one to her, though only four years her senior.

Eve sat alone brooding over their troubles

the sat and should be said and sense one afternoon fate in May. She had sens Hilds to buy a daily paper noted for its advertisements—how carefully she counted every penny now—and she was wondering what would become of the child when all their money was gone; sopposing the herself fell ill—and. Heaven knows, she was week, thus her arrength seemed slipping away from her by slow but sare degrees.

Bester that Hilds should die than be lete alone in a world which she herself had found so cruel, for Hilds's character was remark. able more for awestness than strength.

And as she sat thinking, thinking, all at once the memory of Hannah Rowe, of her gratitude, and her kindly invite returned to her.

In an instant her resolution was formed. It would be cruelly hard to part with her sister, because in all the world she had no other friend; but it would be better for Hilds, her own expenses would be reduced, and the child could return to Lundon as soon as she had found employment.

So she wrote to Hannah telling her of her mother's Seath, of her own loss of situation, and begging her to give welcome and shelter to Hilds until the could make a home for her, promising to detray any expenses in-corred as coon as the was able.

For herself she would have asked nothing. She would have dropped by the way and cled rather than turn beggar; but it was different where Hilda was concerned.

She said nothing, however, to the child on her return. She would wait for Hannah's

Casaubon could trust her sister to her keeping. Tom and she would be honoured by her stay under their roof. They only regretted that Miss Casaubon herself was not coming.

They were "sore grieved" to hear of her mamma's death, and hoped brighter days were in store for one who had been so good to

Lizzy and me" when in trouble.

There must be no talk of expense. Miss Hilda was as welcome as the flowers in May, shough, indeed, May was proving itself a flowerless month this year, and Tom would meet her half way on her journey, because there was changing and Miss Hilda might get confused and lose her way.

For the rest they begged to remain Miss

Casaubon's faithful servants, and Lizzy sent her love and a kiss for the kind pretty lady.

When Eve got that ill written, ill spelt letter she fell on her knees in a passion of grativide. Hilda was safe, at least for a white. On! thank Heaven! thank Heaven! and if there

were worse things in store for her (Eve). she would never know.

But it was hard work to break the news, harder still to persuade the child to leave her. To the last she clung, weeping piteously, to

her sister, and the last sight upon which Eve's eyes rested, as the train steamed out of the station, was the tear-stained, woe-disfigured face she loved so well and unselfishly.

And now that Hilds was gone she set herself more resolutely than ever she had done to find work to do; if only she could earn enough to buy daily necessaries she would not care I Then she had letters from Kent to cheer her, and she tried to believe she was not one of the most wretched girls on the face of the

Of Carew she knew nothing, heard nothing. She did not know where to find him, even had she wished to do so. He had said he resided at Palace Gardens, but that was a very indefi-nite address, and she had never attempted to discover more.

Then one day there came a letter, which lifted her heavy heart from its now habitual brooding. It was from Mr. Norbury, Tom mployer, and contained an englosure

from Hilds.

Mr. Norbury wrote very kindly and generously, without the slightest formality.

" DEAR MISS CASAUBON, -

"I have a request to make, which I trust you will grant. I have met your sister at my lodgekeeper's cottage, and her manner

and appearance have pleased me greatly.

"She has told me such particulars of hereelf as I felt justified in asking of so mere a child, and they have satisfied me fully.

That you should understand this, I must

tell you that I am a widower with one child, a girl of Hilda's age, of such peculiarly sensitive and delicate an organisation that my physician absolutely forbids the regular school routine

I have lost my wife, I would not lose my child; and as society of her own age is recommended I vanture to ask you to entrust your eister to us. My little Gladys has developed a great affection for her, which I fully believe Hilda returns.

"You are very young to have the guardian. ship of a girl of her age; will you give her to us? In retarn for such a concession I undertake to have her reared with my daughter. She shall share all her educational advantages, so that when of a fitting age she may remain with Gladys as companion, or gain her livelihood as governess.

You will be at perfect liberty to visit her when you will—indeed, we shall be very glad to welcome you to Norbury Hall at any and every time.

Hoping that you will give this matter your early attention, and begging for a speedy answer, as Gladys unfortunately cannot en-

dure suspense,

6: Believe me, dear Miss Casaubon, "Yours very faithfully,
"Marmadues Norbusy There were tears in Eve's eyes as she laid for you, and walk a little way with you," the the letter aside, tears of gratitude and pain; gratitude that Hilda's ways were ordered so smoothly, pain that they must needs live apart.

But her decision was elected and a second that the statement of the second that the secon

But her decision was already made, even before she read her sister's letter which told of the love and kindness which enveloped her; of Miss Norbury's beauty and gentle ways, of Mr. Norbury's hearty affection, and the devotion of the Rowes.

With a thanksgiving on her poor, pale lips ahe answered both epistles, giving up Hilda to her new friend's keeping, holding out a hope to the girl that soon, oh! yes, very soon, she

And when she had posted her letters she went home crying like a tired child. But in the morning she rose early and began once more her daily quest for work, until at last she came to a large establishment where goods of the commonest description were sold.

But she could not afford to be fastidious, so she went in and was presently conducted to the far end of the shop, where the proprietor

interviewed her.

He asked for no references, that fact in He asked for no reference, that fact in itself was significant. She also noticed that the girls behind the counter were what hued gowns they chose instead of the orthodox black, and that they had a general air of untidiness about them. The proprietor questioned her as to her acquirements, and when had an exact said quickly. when she had answered, said, quickly,-

"Very well, go in to the workroom; at the end of the day I shall know what you can do and how much you are worth. It's style we want—not West end style—and neatness ain t of much count.'

Then she was ushered into a room containing fifty girls, all busily employed, all more or less distinguished by the tawdriness of their attire, for Mr. Horner was not particular concerning his employés; so long as they did their work to his satisfaction he asked no

Silence was not enjoined upon them. chatted to their hearts' content, and many a ribald jest, many an innuendo made Eve shudder and shrink in to herself.

They were quite of the lowest type of workgirl. Their more fortunate sisters would have disdained to number them in their ranks; but there were kind hearts among them, a great deal of pure gold amongst the dross, as Eve was to discover.

was so discover.

Not a fow of them regarded the pale, silent girl with pity. Her deep mourning enlisted their sympathy, and her gentle answers so their many questions pleased them. Tony hated anything "stand-offish" they were wont to declare.

wont to declare.
At one o'clock work was laid aside, and some of the girls are their dinners in the workroom, others who were better paid hurried off to an eating house, where shey would fain have persuaded Eve to accompany them. But she had all a country-bred girl's horror of such places, and so she are her frugal biscuit in the feetid workroom.

Is seemed to her the day would never end; but eight o'clock came at last, and as she was passing out Mr. Horner called her to him. He had previously seen the forewoman with regard to the new assistant, and now he said,—

"Miss Evans tells me you are quick and capable, that your style of work will suit our better class customers; so if you continue to give satisfaction I am willing to engage you at the rate of ten shillings weekly. You will take charge of the second table, and I shall place a dozen girls under you, in return for which you will dine and tea in the house. Do you accept ?

See did not hesitate a moment; she dared not, although in her heart she felt she had taken a downward step in the social scale, and she went out into the awful streets, wondering what Carew would say and think, could he know her present condition? A girl named Balla Green was waiting her outside.
"You looked so lonely I thought I'd wait

lodged. Oh, the dickens!" oried Miss Green, "Oh, the dickens!" cried Miss Green,
"that's too far away by miles. I'll tell you
what it is, you can lodge close handy if you
like, and with me; that'll split up expenses.
The girl that shared my room has gone away.
and I don's want a stranger with me. The
house is respectable, and if the room sin's big
it's comfortable; and then, you see, we ain's
at home much. It's high up it's true, but
where's the odds: and the two of ms can have where's the odds; and the two of us can it for four shillings apiece. What do you say ?

Eve's heart sank at the prospect of Bella's daily and nightly companionship; but she knew well enough that she could not walk to and from her present lodgings every day without overtaxing her strength, so she

answered, - "You are very kind, Miss Green, and I

accept your offer."
"You'd better call me Bella," laughed the other, "the girls will poke no end of fan at us if you call me Miss Green. And now, how about your meals? Where'll you get them?"

"I am to have dinner and tea at the shop." "I am to have dinner and sea at the shop."
"Now that's jolly," said Bella, heartily,
"it'll save you so much. Really, old Horner
ain's half had when you know him, and he
keeps a very good table. You'll only have to
trouble about breakfast and supper, and Sunday's living. Oh, we'll have some jolly jaunts

"I would rather stay at home on Sunday,"

Eve said, rather feebly.

"Please yourself. I always go out with some of my friends. So if you like to be quiet you can, You'd better give your landlady notice to night; shall I walk down with

"Oh, I could not trouble you so far," cried Eve, hurriedly, for Bella's loud voice and swaggering manner filled her with a sense of

The girl would have been pressy had she known how to dress and how to carry herself, which was precisely what she did not know. But she was so kind that Eve would have been very lothe to hurt her feelings, and Beila was rather glad that her friendly offer was declined, as she had made other arrangements

for the evening.

Before the week was over Eve had moved her few belongings into her new lodging. The room was small but clean, and the landlady a very decent sort of body, so that having settled down Eve was rather glad than otherwise that she had accepted Bella's augrestice. She had many solitary hours; but she liked solitade, and her fellow-lodger, respecting her wishes, brought none of her friends into their mutual home.

But Sandays were dreary. In the morning she went to church, but the rest of the day she spent utterly alone, Bella always going off on an excursion with a party of loud-voiced, valgarly dressed girls and men.

The letter to Hilds occupied a good hour; but that being ended, she had nothing to do but to sit gazing out of the window at the passers by, to dream of Carew, and to read again and again those few books she had contrived to save from the wreck of her fortunes.

The attic adjoining hers was occupied, occa-

ionally, by two men of gentlemanly appearance and address, and as they passed the girls on the stairs they would endeavour to engage them in conversation. Bella was nothing lothe, but Eve shrank from them, or any content, tact with them; for often, when she sa in the gloaming, their strange, unintelligible gibberish, mingled with oaths, which were all too plain to be mistaken, would reach her, for the partition between the atties was of wood only, and if one wished for secreey one must whisper softly indeed.

To Bella she once told her suspicions.

she said, in "I believe they are burglars," she said, in an awe-struck voice; but the girl laughed out

an awe-struck voice; but the girl laughed out heartily.

'Pooh! you never saw burglars look as they do; more likely they're gentlemen in disgrace; and this is a respectable house. You sit alone so much, you get all kinds of funny fads into your head."

But Eve was not convinced, and a kind of horror came over her when the inmates of the adjoining attic took up their quarters there, and she shrank more and more into herself, whilst whole nights she lay awake trembling with fear of what she could scarcely tell.

CHAPTER VI.

THE summer, beautiful even in London, had worn to a close, a lovely June had followed a bitter May, and all through July and August the heat had been intense. All the elite had flown to the sea side, but even in September Carew Montrath refused to leave Gardens, and his mother, in her anxiety for him, her dread lest that "little designing should discover and succeed in milliner" should discover and succeed in entrapping him into marriage, stayed with him. As a last resource she sent for a favourite niece of hers—Morna Lolworthy, hoping she might yet teach Carew forgestalness of his folly. Miss Lolworthy was a tall, finely proportioned girl, fair of face, of a calm disposition, and, as Mrs. Montrath said, "just the wife for Carew." The young lady came, heard her aunt's story, suffered her cousin's coldness for some days, then, with the courage of her race, went straight to Carew.
"I want's you to give me your attention."

of her race, went straight to Carew.

"I wan't you to give me your attention," she said, quite coolly, as she sank into a chair exactly opposite him. "We used to be such good friends, Carew; now you avoid me as though I had the plague. I don't deserve such treatment from you. Listen a moment,"—as he essayed to speak. "I am perfectly aware of the reason for which I am here; aunt wants you to marry me. Well, you need not be troubled about that, because I should never marry a man who did not love me, and I quite marry a man who did not love me, and I quite agree with you, that as a man of honour you are bound to make Miss Casaubon your wife. If she is a good girl you can life her to your level, and I hope we shall be friends. I hope you will treat me as your cousin and comrade!"

"Morna, you are awfully good to me. How am I to thank you?"

"By forgetting aunt's matrimonial plans, and going back to our old friendly footing. You see, Carew, we aren't the least fisted to marry. We are too much alike in many respects to agree. I believe in contrasts, and I am morally certain "—this with a merry laugh—"that although as cousins we have always been good friends, as man and wife we should be uster failures. And Carew, as confidence calls for confidence, let me whisper a little secret in your ear. I, too, am waiting for my lover. He went away poor. He is coming back rich, perhaps not for years, but Ican trust him—I can wait."

Such softness came into her usually calm eyes, such beauty into her face, that Carew

eyes, such beauty into her face, that Carew was surprised, and not a little touched.
"Who is this, Morna? Do I know him?"
"Charley Prendergast. You know now why papa refused to listen to him. He is the youngest of six sons, but what do I care for that? I love him, and can afford to wait until he returns, and Carew, if you love Miss Casaphon and she is worthy of you let nothing. bon, and she is worthy of you, let nothing come between you, for no woman can be to you what she has been. There is no love so strong as the first, none so unselfish and so pure."

She blushed then as though ashamed of such unwonted candour, but Carew, taking her

"Why did you not let me know you earlier,

"Because"-with a smile-"you were

always Cynic Montrath. You affected to laugh at love and its votaries. You declared friendship to be merely a question of self-interest, and all philanthropy but a means unto an end. Carew! Miss Cassubon must be a good woman to have effected such a redical change in you. I am not without class pre-judice; in fact, I may say I am an utter Tory, but just for once I am willing to forget these things, and to be your sworn ally and friend; and there is my hand upon it." And when Morna Lolworthy spoke thus,

there was not one who knew her who would doubt or question her word.

Bella had not come in, although it was now past eleven at night, and Eve sat alone in the loom, waiting for the first sound of her step. gloom, watting for the inter-would not go to She was very tired, but she would not go to bed until her companion's return; so she sat out the curtains, and by the window, screened by the curtains, and presently she heard men's voices, three of them, then a door closed hastily, and one

"You're sure it's all safe, Bill? There's no

possible chance of a mishap?"
"Mishap!" retorted a coarse voice, "it's
as right as a trivet; and we can be off as soon as you like; better go reparate, though—meet at the place—see! It's the only house occupied in the row—number twelve mind one o' the girls told me the guvnor wouldn't be home afore to morrer; an' there's only one man-servant in the place—yer can easy settle him atween yer. There's big swag to bring away too, mind that—they're the richest folks in Palace gardens."
"Hush! there are two girls lodging in the next room."

"They're out; there's neither light nor sound," answered a third voice, then a door was quietly opened, and soft steps stole towards the adjoining room; Eve held her breath, and drew the curtains closer round her, praying that Bella might not return yet. After a moment's listening, the man stole away again, and she heard him say,—
"It's all right; the big girl's a bit frisky,

and I reckon the pale one is the same, only she's aly. Well, boys, we had better be starting; get the tools."

So they were burglars! and they were going on their nefarious errand; they would rob, perhaps murder, the inmates of Number Twelve. It was at Palace gardens Carew had lived!—even in her dismay and confusion that thought crossed her mind. She heard the men thought crossed her mind. She heard the men go lightly downstairs, then trembling in every limb, she got a light, and wrote a line to Bella, "Forced to go out; don't wait up for me!" dressed herself hastily, and, hardly knowing what she did, ran out into the dark night. She was too frightened and bewildered even She was too frightened and bewildered even to remember to appeal to the police for assistance—one idea alone possessed her, and that was to save the people of Number Twelve from violence and robbery.

On and on she went, regardless of her own weariness, of the curious looks cast upon her, of the investment of the first looks and upon her, of the investment words nettered by the faw idless.

of the insolent words uttered by the few idlers in the streets—it was now past twelve, and she was terribly afraid that the burglars should reach their destination first; and when should reach their destination first; and when at last she came in sight of Palace gardens, a psalm of praise rose to her lips. She could not have gone much farther; her strength was rapidly failing her. It was with delight that she saw the inmates had not all gone to bed, for there was a light in the hall, and some signs of life about the place. In answer to her summons a sleepy man-servant appeared.

"What do you want?" he growled, as he

"What do you want?" he growled, as he looked down at the little shrinking figure in its plain black garb.

"I must see your mistress. Oh, no!" as he essayed to close the door. "You must take me to her at once, or you may all be murdered in your beds. I am not jesting—I beg you to let me in——"

"It's all a swindle, I've no doubt," began

beautifully dressed came into the hall, and seked what was the matter? She was young and looked kind, and Eve found courage to

say,—
"Madam, there is a plot to rob this house
to night; let me in and I will tell you all I
know; and please send a servant for the police—there are three men, and they will be here shortly."

here shortly."

The young lady advanced to her, took her by the hand,—

"Your face is an index to your mind; I believe you. Come in, and tell my aunt all that you know. Pottage, ask your master what is to be done—how fortunate that he returned to night!"

She showed no sign of fear, as she led Eve into a handsomely furnished room where an elderly lady was seated. In a few brief words she told all that she knew, and though the lady's face grew a shade paler, she did not flicob, but, rising, poured out wine, which she

bade Eve drink, saying,—
"You are a brave girl—there, do not speak
yet; my son will be with us presently, and we
shall then know how to act. I have always said, Morna, we were foolish to keep so many valuables in a house so ill guarded as this.

A quick step on the stairs, and then the door

vas suddenly opened.

"Mother, what is all this?" questioned an Mother, what is all this? queen's eyes authoritative voice; then, as the man's eyes rested on a shrinking figure and pale, frightened face,—' Eve! Eve!" and a few rapid steps brought him to her side.

Montrath's face hardened. Was this

all a plot to work upon her sympathy? Did was coming? The next moment she was ashamed of her suspicions, for the girl clung

"Madam! madam! I have done what I came to do. Let me go. I did not guess that I should meet him here. I—I——"
"Eve," said Carew, trying to take her bands, "you will only leave this house as my wife."

"No! no! no! And oh! for your own sakes, take all necessary precautions. Good bye. Let me go before those men learn I have betrayed them."

"You must stay here until the morning,"
Mrs. Montrath said, coldly. "It is unfit so
mere a girl should be abroad at such an hour. Carew, I hear the off will wish to see you." I hear the officers in the hall. They

"Be good to her, mother," he answered, and without another word or look to Eve, he went out. Then Morns crossed to her, and stooping, kissed the pale lips gently. "Carew has chosen well," she said. "Heaven

send you happiness!"

The lights were all out save one which burned feebly in the "master's" room, and this was not descernible from the exterior, being well screened by ourtains, behind which sat Carew and two constables in utter silence.

The frightened maids had looked themelves in an attic, but Mrs. Montrath and Morna refused to go to bed, and Eve shared their watch in the room adjoining that occupied by the men.

One constable had given it as his opinion that entrance would be obtained through the window of the master's room, it being easy of access, and but ill defended against any

And the three women waited with fast-beating hearts for the dénouement. Mrs. Mon-trath began to think once more that they had been deceived, when suddenly a faint rasping sound was heard. It was then past one. She rose and stole to the door. Carew and the officers were perfectly ellent, but her heart beat so loudly she thought it muss be heard. A moment's pause, then the window was gently raised, a hoarse voice whispered,—
"Don't leave the ladder, Bill. We may

need it in a hurry.'

Faint lights flickered across the landing, the very astute young man, when a lady stealthy steps crossed the floor, then all in a moment there was the sound of a sorfile, of fierce caths and curses, the room was floaded with light, and as the women rushed forward they saw two men prone upon the ground; one was already handouffed and bound, the other was still wrestling with the constables, whilst Carew, having flaished his work, atood by panting for breath.

was then that Eve saw what no one else had noticed-the evil, malignant face of the third thief glaring upon Carew through the open window. He had a deadly weepon in his hand, and there was murder in his eye. She did not hesitate—her life for his if need

"Look! look!" she oried, and even as she spoke, even as all grasped the situation, she had leapt forward, and floging hereit upon his breast, received the bullet in her shoulder, fell wish a heavy thad to the ground, and-then all was confusion and darkness.

She woke languid and weak, forgetful of all she work influence of the work, torgettel of all that had lain for many days at deaths door. A young lady was seated at the foot of her bed. Eve remembered seeing her before—in a dream; somebody, an elderly lady, knelt had he were, she yet could faintly understand the work she yet could faintly understand the words she said,-

"Live for us. Eve, dear obild! No one could love my boy as you have done; no one hold her life so sheep for his sake. I have been a foolish and proud old woman, but I am so no longer, and it is my dearess wish to call you daughter."

And then Eve must have fainted for the remembered no more until the woke on a bright October morning, and, lifting herself upon her pillows, felt within herself that her life was given back to her.

e glanced round the room Mrs. Montrath stole to her side.

Oh, my dear, what an anxious time you have given us! How good is is to see you conscious once again. Eve, can you forgive me and love me, if only because I am Carew's mother, and owe you so much?"

The wasted bands went up until they clasped the handsome old face between them, and

the handsome old race between them, and orew it down upon the pillows.

"Mother, mother!" whiepered the faint sweet voice, "with Heaven's help I will be your good and loving daughter."

Then the had to beer all the tale of Carew's remorate and search for her; and the

scare came often into her beausiful eyes, while she humbly prayed she might be made worshy his love and the high position to which he would lift her.

She never remembered his cruelty; she wilfully forgot the misery he had brought upon her, and thought only of his great goodnees in stooping to wed one so lowly.

At last they let him see her. He had no word to say: he could only fold her close in his arms, kies her pale lips and wan brow; it seemed to him he never could sufficiently atone for the past.

And when at last words came, he poured ont a torrest of tender speeches, of loving yows, of denunciations of his own folly, until she would let him say no more. She could not bear he should so abase himself for her

"Do not! do not!" she whispered, "I will not even have you abuse my idel. Carew! oh, Carew! once I wanted to dia; bat not now, oh, not now, when all my life is flooded with the glory of your love. And you are agre, quite, quite sure you will never be sorry for, or ashamed of, this day's work?"

"I abail bless Heaven all my life for the

or astan.
"I abail bless theave.
"I abail bless theave."
dear gift of your loye,"
"And Carew," after a pause, "these is
Hilda. She will be anxious about me, and
Hilda. She will be anxious about me, and
"aried a gay voice."
"aried a gay voice."

will miss my latters Will you wrise her?"
"No need to do that," cried a gay voice,
"Hilda is here," and once more the sisters
were obsered in cach other, arms,

Did Carew ever regret his marriage? No, a thousand times no; passing years only showed him fresh beauties in his wife; and when his mother want to her rest her eyes turned to the last very lovingly, very trust-fully upon the little pleheian, whilst her dying

voice whispered fandly,—
"I am happy to leave him in your care dear daughter.

deer daugnes."

Hilds stayed on with the Norburys—no longer as a dependent—until a gallant young squire carried her off; and sloras Mountain has long been Moras Peredergast. Her husband is not even yet a zich man; but where love abides riches have but a second place in the heart's affections.

And Cynic Montrath has come to say, "A good weman is any man's equal, he he the highest in the land;" and than he will ture to kiss his smiling wife, and humbly thank Heaven, in his heart, for this gift so far beyond his deserts.

THE END.

AN EVIL DEED.

OHAPTER XXVIII .- (continued.)

"THE girl Rebecca!" muttered Guy when the door opened, and a dark-faced Jewish looking girl appearing, took the parcel from the

"Yes, and that may be a message to her om Levison," whispered Peveril, deeply interested.

"Yes! I'm sure it is! Even from here I can see the looks pleased."
"Beg pardon, air!" said a gruff voice suddenly in his car, causing him to start as if he had been shot.

"Why, bless my seal!" he cried, bewildered, and his friends, turning at the hasty exclemation, saw with surprise equal to his that the little coose-room seemed full of strong, resolute faced men.

"We'xe all here, siz," said the man who had first spoken, a vary tall, powerful fellow. "Six on us."

"But—but how did you get in unnoticed?"
Stammored Bouverie; "we never saw you,"
The man smiled in a superior way.

"Shouldn't have thought much of myself, sir, it you had," he said, quietly. "You see we're all in plain clother, and have slipped in one at a time.

Bonverie felt amused when he looked round and saw the whole six selemnly sipping the weak coffee set before them by the delighted mistress of the place.

You must all have something stronger a little later on," he said, with twinkling eyes,

"to drink Gray's health in."
"Tosnk ye. sir," said the man, with a broad grin. "This 'ere swash is a little trying to the constituence."

There was a suppressed laugh from the other men at this, whereupon he became sternly indignant and held up his hand to enjoin silence.

"No more noise naw," he said, peremptorily. "Keep your eyes opposite, every one of you. It's getting near the time, and the slightent noise might frighten them warmints over there.

After that, not a word was heard, not a glance exchanged. Every man's eye was fixed on the hotel, every man's car on the alert.

Meanwhile, what was going on inside the suspected house? Totally unsuspicious of the danger that threatened him, the landlord Moss was lounging back in his own especial chair, sipping rum and water, and listening a little impatiently to old Dan's angry tale of Levison's bad behaviour to him.

"Charley !" called out Moss, suddenly unceremoniously catting short the old billiard marker's savage remarks.

"Here !" said Charley, thrusting his head in as the glass door.

"Better give him his alceping draught," growled Moss, pointing downwards. "Time's

Charley made no reply, but filled a glass with a steaming mixture, dropping into it a sellowish white powder and stirring it carefolly sound.

When he gets over this he'tl find hisself on the briny," he remarked, facetiquely. "Wonder how he'll like it?"

"Ay, no more pryin' and pekin' for him !"
oackied Dan. "L'en faared he'll be so sea-sick
that he'll never see land again."
Moss laughod—a soft, oily laugh.

"People have died of sea-sinkness," he remarked, pushing the table away from over the trap door.

"And been thrown overboard," growled out

Charley, taking up the glass of toddy and preparing to descend, little knowing that his ominous words had been beard by the auxious little detective, setting him well on his guard, and making him mentally yow that—even if things had gone wrong at the last minute and nobody came to his aid—he would make one grand stauggle for freedom.

He looked up with a smile as the man appeared, carrying his usual nightly retresh-

"Hallo!" he oried, carelessly, "I shought I was to be off somewhere last night?"
"Changed our minds," was the sulky an-

"P'saps we don't mean you to go at

"Oh, indeed! Dear me, Charley, this

smells precious nice and comforting!" Charley grinued.
"Well, then drink—" he began, " he began, when a shout from above brought his sentence to an abrupt conclusion and rid the detective of his

"Thank you, friend Mose!" ejaculated say, laughing, "Deuced awkward for mo if Grey, laughing. "Denoed awkward for me if he'd insisted on my drisking the delightful mixture in his presence! As it is —" He orept over to the little window and empitied the steaming spirits into the yard. for a bis of acting t" he mattered, dropping down on the floor and lying there perfectly still, waiting for his gaslers to fetch him. "Hope our men'il catch both these rateals," he thought, carnestly. "I expect they're out-

aide now waiting for our appearance."

A whole hour he lay there, thicking over everything, and literally thirsting for the litting of that tree-door.

's a ticklish business," he mused, "Let 'em find I've dodged the drug, and I'm a dead

This was not a nice reflection, but the brave little man never qualled for a moment; he hardly knew what fear was.

A slight sound above him recalled his wandering thoughts. He was on the stert at ence, for the trap door was slowly opening and voices were whispering in the aperiore.

Down crept Charley, looking about him as he came, and chuckling at the eight of their prisoner lying senseless on the ground, the glass that had contained the mixture amasted so hits beside him.

"He's tale!" he cried, hurrying up to him.
"Is he, my worthy friend?" thought Grey,
aroagtically. "Yes, I think he is—a little r than you are!

Down the steep stairs came Moss and helped to raise the still figure. Took kindly to his grog this evening,"

laughed Charley. "All the better for us," was the quick

answer, "We'll have no row." They carried him up and into the little room. There they wrapped a silk hand-kerohief over his mouth, rolled a great cloak round him, and placed a hat low down over

his eyes, Dan had slunk out to fetch a certain cab. The driver of the vehicle was regularly employed by the "Raven," a man who, as long as he was well paid, asked no inconvenient

questions. "He's here! " cried Dan, rushing in. "It's an.

if

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getting quite dusk, and the street's beautifully tiet. Now's our opportunity ! "
Get out of my way, then ! " cried Charley,

raising the helpless figure, and going rapidly through the hall towards the door.

" Stay, I'll get in first," muttered Moss, pulling open the door, and running down the steps and into the cab.

Rebroan, who, pale and eager eyed, stood a little way back in the hall, started forward, and glauced excitedly across the road, smiling, in a satisfied way when she saw one dark form after another excepting out of the coopa-

"Now then, for a dive!" muttered Charley, atriding forward. "Take good care of the house, Rabosca, till we come back?"
"Ay, I will," she called out, with a grimlaugh, "till you come back!"
Charley reached the cab, and was lifting in

their victim, when he was suddenly seized from behind.

"Arrested !" eried a firm voice, bringing "Arrosted!" oried a firm voice, bringing despair to the means of the two wretches, and in a minute Moss and his actonished confederate were awared and handoulled; and Gray, stranging ont of the clock and handoulled; and creation, strong looking at them triumphantly. Why, he's not drugged!" cried Moss, in curaged tenes, turning flareely on the damb-tounded Charley.
"Confederal him!" shouled that worthy, "I'd like to threttle him!"
"No doubt you would," said Gray, pleasantly; "but thank goodness you can't, now."

"Who peached on us?" cried Charley, savagely, a sudden suspicion entering his breast, as he caught sight of Rebecca locking down at him from the steps, with glittering

eyes.
"That we can't tell you," began the inspector, hastily; but Rebecca's triumphant voice rang out clearly,—
"I did, you wretch! I've had my re-

"Carse you !" he yelled, a wicked light in his eyes. "Wait till I come out again !" She only laughed, and the officer, seeing the crowd that was beginning to assemble, pushed Charley into the cab and closed like door. "I shallmake them take us to this boat that

is waiting for Grey," whispered the inspector to Bouverle. "There are a few more scoundrels we must catch," "Yes yes!" orled Grey, "make that old villain—Moss—give the proper direction to the

After a bot argument, the worthy landford Alter a not argument, the worthy landford gave in, and the frightened driver receiving his instructions, the cab containing the two prisoners, two officers, and one on the box drove rapidly away, the other three men marching off at once, a liberal tip from Mr. Bonverie in every man's pooket.

"I must report myself too, sir," safd Grey, when all three gentlemen had nearly shaken his hand off.

md off.

"All right !" eried Bouverle, halling wosh,

"We'll go with you."
"Wait one minute!" said Gay. "I must see if that girl's gove. Yes, the must have sligged away during the confusion!" he cried, coming back after a hasty search, and jumping into the cab.

The bessel being left in the care of an extra

The need being left in the care of an extra policeman, they drove off.

"Tell you what we'll do!" crisd Bonverie.

"Grey shall report himself, then we'll go to an hotel and compare notes as to Glaster. Then sleep there, and be off to Devon finel thing in the morning. Will that be right Grey ?"

You, I think so," sald the little man, "Yes, I think so," said the little man, musingly. "I must get the watrant for their arrest, and I'd like to hear all about thin strange story of Muss Barbara. I think we're pretty well all stred out and in want of a little sleep. Yes, gentlemen, we'll do an you say, Glaister's quite off his goard store as yes, and there is no one to warn him of his danger before our arrival." But he was wrong. With all his eleverness he had quite forgotten old Dan, who, slipping dexterously away at the first slarm and ruching off to Easton, caught a train going West. He would have some miles to walk, for the train did not go as far as Tavistock; but the hope of a golden reward spurred him on, seeming to put fresh strength into his ancient limbs, fresh energy into his wicked old hears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Grassen-or Parker, as for the root of the time it would be better to call him—ind not sent for Dr. Bonner after all. There was a certain danger attending his coming down, he

certain danger attenting his coming down, he reflected on his way into Taviaton; and the fellow would be sure to demand a much heavier payment for this new patient.

Parker haw exactly the reacons the willy decker would give for laying a large tax an him. "Patient young, in good heatin, more literly to be tooked after, etc."

So, having estudiated the cost and risk, he decided not so aumment the doctor, but only to make arrangements for the removal of the familiars when he should leave the house.

He paid up every data, against his mame, settled about the sending of the key to the indied and took care to intern everyone he made to it intended departure.

"Basidess," he explained, "calls me away, much to my vexation." All this in polite, regretful tones. "I am indeed sorry to leave regretful tones. "I s

There were scarcely any genuine expressions of regret at his departure, he noticed grimly; but, satisfied that he had made all straight for leaving the old house, he cared little for aught

"In a day or two we'll be off to Plymouth," "In a day or two we'll be cit to riymoush, he decided, striding alone over the fresh, sweet moor towards the old, ill-fated house, "Yes," with a wild, counting laugh, "we won't hurry, or they'll suspect something. Give my wilful Miss Barbara something strong in her coffee just before we start, and pass her off as an invalid; find some vessel just salling, and then away from this oursed country where I have never had one decent night's rest; and where Rachael, in her terror and remorae, has sink into an almost confirmed drunkard. I was mad to venture here!" he oried, fleroely, life-ing his hands high above his head, and staring aight before him, a strange, lurid light in shifty eyes, "Mad !" he went on, laughhis shifty eyes. "Mad (" he went on, laughing hearsely; "by Heaven, I think I'm mad now! Yes, I must get away before I quie lose my reason. And yet," he muttered, sinking his voice as if fearful even of the hardy ponies grazing round him, "I must go there ponies grazing round him, "I must go there to morrow night. Yes, yes; and Rachael must not know. Easy to steal sway when she hes drunk herself stupid, and I shall be back before daybreak. We'll take the day to set things straight, and early on Friday morning we'll be off from this hateful place!"

Still with that queer, wild light in his eyes he slipped in at the side gate and gained the

"How eilent and empty, and—and creepy it feele!" he muttered, walking hurriedly towards the kitchen, where he could hear some one moving about. It was his sister, who was laying a table for ice.
"Well," she said, watching him curiously

"Well," she said, watching him ouriously as he dropped into a chair, and leaned his head on his hand with a weary gesture, "is

the telegram gone?"
"No," sullanly, "I've decided to take her
with us. There's too much risk and extra
expense in having that fellow here again."

expense in having that fellow here again.
"Humph! yes, there's reason in that,"
remarked Rachsel, thoughtfully, filling up the
tes pot carefully. "When do wago?"
"Day after to morrow, I thought. There'll
be a bit of straightening up to do here, that if
take a day, so we'll say Friday."

"Friday!" she oried, sharply. "Oh, den's go on a Friday, Sam dear!"
He frowned, having no sympathy with her

superstitions.

"Stop that rabbish!" he growled. "How's

"Just salking now, won't speak to me when
I go down," she said, meekty; "but she's
caten well to-day."

a chort commons to morrow.

"Rep her on short ordinance of the linear to stopely her before we go, and the weaker she is the more yielding the li be. Give me some tea, and I'll go and have a lock

"You don't mind it here?" she asked,

heuitstingly. "Duere being only we two, I thought 'would be more cosy-like."
"Mind is!" he schood, "not I. I hate that dining in state Issae over yonder!" nodding in the discounce of the sixting rooms.

He drew up his onair, stirred the fire vigor-onely, and eat gezing gloomly at it till the

tea was ready.

Neither he nor Rachael did full justice to

their coming meal. They are in utter eilence, both of them wrapped in deep thought.

"I'll go and see her now," he eaid, taking down the cellar key from its sail and leaving the kitchen.

His poor little prisoner was sitting with her His poor little prisoner was sitting with her hands clasped on her knee, gazing pensively at the flickering candle that but made the darkness visible in the dismat place. She was looking pale and languist; he saw with satisfaction his imprisonment was telling on her. "Well, are you ready to yield?" he energed, taking up the candle and resuming the sweet, pate face keenly by its faint light. Barbara eprang to her feet, and faced him fearlessly.

"In what way ?"

" Have you determined to forget that puppy

and obey me?"
'Guy is no puppy!" she cried, proudly. "Only—only—"
The firm voice faltered. Great tears came

welling into the pathetic eyes.
"Only what?" harshly.

"Oaly my own true love !" came the steadfast answer.

"Looks like it!" he retorted. "What's be doing up in London, then, philandering

"Is he there?" quickly, a happy light shining in her eyes. "Ah! he has gone to seek for me, then." Parker bit his lip.

"He'll never find you, then. In another short day you go away with us from here back to America."

She neither paled nor trembled at his meaning words; nay, it was he rather who moved uneasily about under the fire of her attacky glance.

"You are a bad man," she said, "and I seem to be completely in your power; but," lifting her hand upwards, a solemn, reverential tone in her awest voice, "as sure as Heaven is above us beholding all, so sure are I that your woked plans will be defeated—I shall not up with worn!"

shall not go with you!"

Like a very Mechistopheles be strank and cowered before her sweet, pure words, and then without another remark turned and lets.

her.

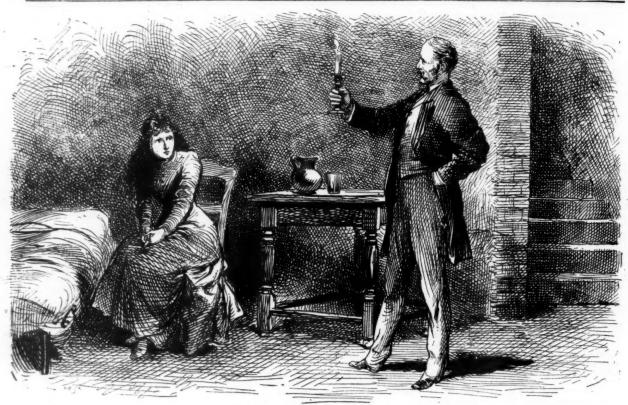
"He has an uneasy conselence," mused the child. "Heaven grant me arrength to with-stand these wicked people!"

She dropped on her knees, remaining there

one dropped on her knees, remaining there some time, and only rising to throw herself on her hard couch and his waiting—open syed and anxious—for the light of morning.

The next day passed slowly away. Barbara spont is in pacing up and down her prison, calling every now and then, when fear and weakness overcame her, on Guy to come and help her, and brusting into passionate teams. help her, and bursting into passionate tears when no reply came to her agonised cry.

"She'll be ready to do anything to morrow," said Rochael, after her last visit for the day was over. "She's touched hardly a bis, and



["WPLL, ARE YOU READY TO YIELD?" SNEERED PARKER, TAKING UP THE CANDLE AND SCANNING BABBABA'S SWEET, PALE FACE, REBELL.]

been wearin' herself out raging up and down

the cellar."
"Ah, that's right!" muttered Parker, who was eitting close to the blazing fire.

"Shall you go and see her, Sam?"
"No," with a shiver and a queer laugh.
"My nerves are all unstrung to night. If I went near her and she enraged me, I feel that I should strangle her!"

I should strangle her I"
His sister cast a quick, nervous glance at bim, and felt very nneasy when she saw his glittering eyes, wild, haggard face, and nervously twitching hands.
"Aint you well, Sam?" she said, timidly.
"Quite well," he said, fiercely. "What should be the matter with me? Don't worry!"
"I—I didn't mean to. Where are you going.

worry 1"

"1—I didn't mean to. Where are you going, Sam?" sharply, for he had risen and was walking towards the door.

"To the study," he said, irritably. "You do nothing but worry me, and I hate it!"

"But, Sam," she cried, desperately, "there's no fire, and—and," with a frightened slance behind her, "I daren's stay here slone. Listen to the wind how it's howling round the Listen to the wind how it's howling round the chouse. There's going to be another thunder. honse. There's going to be another thunder-

"Pahaw!" be cried, angrily. "You'll bave so make up your mind to it; I must be alone for a while. If you're so nervous, why not take a strong dose of spirits, and banish all fear?"

The bait took. She, in fear of him, had not touched anything all day, but now, hear-

ing his ancering suggestion, she looked up with eager, glistening eyes.
"Don't you mind, Sam?"
"Not I!" laughing noisily. "Drink as much as you like, so long as you're steady when I want you."

She let him go then, putting no further obstacle in his way, in her eagerness to indulge in the longed for refreshment.

"In an hour," he muttered, watching her,

furtively, from the door, as she mixed her first glass, "she'll be dead asleep."

He never went near the study, but knelt down outside the kitchen door, waiting silently for the moment when he might go forth ur questioned.

"An awful night!" he mustered with a shiver, listening to the rain dashing furiously against the windows; and trembling and shaking as the lightning flashed in on him and the thunder rolled round the house. "Yes, an awful night! But I must go, yes, I must go! or—or I shall go mad!"

Rising softly, after a time, he peeped into the kitchen. It was as he expected. Rachael sat with her head sunk on the table, breathing stertorously; her burried libations had stolen away her senses.

Quickly he crept into the hall, and, search-Quickly he crept into the hall, and, searching about, found his great coat — which Rachael had laid ready for the next day's journey—and put it on; placed his hat firmly on his head, and, softly opening the great door, stole out into the tempestuous night.

The lonely child lying awake in the gloomy cellar heard every peal of thonder, saw every flash of lightning; but the helpless woman in the kitchen, lying there in a drunken sleep.

the kitchen, lying there in a drunken sleep, never beeded the howling wind or the strong dashes of rain on the wir dow.

dashes of rain on the wir dow.

She slept on heavily, hearing nothing, until
—at an early hour next morning—a furious
knocking at the hall door effectually roused
her; and, heavy-eyed and nervous, she
started up in a very panic of fear, a cry of
horrified alarm bursting from her parched

CHAPTER XXX. CHEATING THE LAW.

Again came that imperative knocking, and still she stood and locked stupidly around. The morning had risen bright, calm, and fine;

the radiant sun came dancing in at the window, playing on her flushed face; on the spirit bottle on the table; on the cold, grey ashes in the fireplace.

"Why!" she cried suddenly, "where's Sam? Why don't he answer that knock?"

She staggered hastily into the scullery, and plunged her face into a basin of pure, cold spring water—her head feeling lighter and better for the simple remedy.

Smoothing her ruffied bair, and hastily tying on a clean apron, she harried with firmer step across the hall, and flung wide the door.

door.

A little, draggled-locking, shrivelled man

at a nine, dragged-locally, introduced man stood there, and stared angrily at her as the door opened.

"A nice long time you've kep' me!" he grumbled, flercely; "and a matter of life and death, too!"

"What's your business?" ahe asked, alarmed by his excited words, yet showing no ward signs of fear.

"Where's yer brother?" he asked, walking in and pushing the door to. "Yes," as ale started, "I knows all about yer! who you are, and wot you've done! I'm an old pal o' Sam's; he kep' nothing from me."

"And have you bad news for him?" she asked, quite sobered now.

"For sure, The geme's up. That beast of a detective's been found; Moss and Charley are in chokey, and they're coming down as fast as they can to nab Sam and you. Luckily I got the start of 'am or you'd never ha known. That's wot they're reckoning on, that ne'er a one will ha warned yer."

"Come to the study," she cried, her face gheatly. "Sam's there."

He shy field after her, an easer, calculating

He shuffled after her, an eager, calculating expression on his face. Rachael pushed open the door and entered, only to find the room empty. No Sam was there

(Continued on page 594.)



["PLEASE SAY NO MORE, LUCIE," SAID PENELOPS, "WE WILL DO THAT; OR I, AT LEAST, SHALL NOT GO TO WAVETOR!"]

PRETTY PENELOPE.

CHAPTER III.

Some people are born to be fortunate. Denis

EOME people are born to be fortunate. Denis Latimar was one of these favoured mortals. From the first day of his birth life's sunshine had shone upon him, and life's flowers had sprung up in his path at every step.

An only obild—a child most esgerly and carnestly desired—the son of a good hearted, generous English squire, sportsman to his backbone, genial, full of kindly thought and action; and of a woman refined, delicate, beautiful in the fullest sense of the word.

Denis Latimar came into the world to be Dens Latimar came into the world to be the joy and happiness of his parents, heir to his father's wide property, and to what some people called an immense fortune, bequeathed him by an eccentric and bachelor uncle. Squire Latimar had been married nearly seven years to his beautiful high-born wife before the full completion of their happiness

ras vouchsafed.

They had indeed, almost begun to despair of hearing the voice of children resound in the wide corridors and rooms of old Latimar Court, and the hope of a son and heir coming to them was well-nigh extinguished when Denis chose to make his appearance in the

It is needless to say that from the very moment of his birth this young Latimar was decreed to be absolutely the most wonderful child ever born; and, indeed, it would seem that Denis was somewhat of a remarkable

Gentle, pretty Mrs Desborough was never

tired of dwelling upon the charms and perfec-tions of Denis Latimar as an infant.

"He was absolutely beautiful," she used to say, and she used to show a small minia-ture of the obild, which certainly did portray a lovely face, as a proof of the truth of her

words, "I think I have never seen so beautiful a baby!"

To which saucy Penelope always replied,—
"You are an ungrateful little mother.
Fancy, to say such a thing when you had me for a baby!"

A speech which used to make Mrs. Desborough feel quite guilty, as though she had done some wrong to her own off-pring in giving such admiration to another's.

"You were a dear little baby. Pen," she would say, "with such sweet ways, and full of mischief, but——"
"But I was not beautiful, eh, mother mine?"

mine? Mrs. Desborough would colour gently all

over her delicate face.
"You were not exactly beautiful, Pen, but "You were not exactly beautiful, Pen, but you were a listle darling; the Squire was so fond of you. He used to call you his 'Vizen,' you were always so full of tricks; he would nurse you by the hour together," and then Mrs. Desborough always sighed.

Ah! those used to be pleasant days for the Rector's wife, when Latimar Court had held

its warm hearted, genial owner, and life had been in full swing within its hospitable doors. The news of Squire Latimar's sudden death

of heart disease when out riding one day, gave a shock to Mrs. Desborough that she really

mever recovered.

Her own husband lay at the time in his last illness. Life wore a changed aspect for her; she felt as though she had lost a rod and siaft of comfort and protection when Paul Latimar was taken in such a sudden and awful manner.

seemed to recollect hours of scampering play in a big hall with men in shining armour, and a window that threw stravge coloured shadows on a tesselated floor; she had a dim remembrance of a companion in those romps—a boy, whose sturdy arm was always ready to help her when she fell, whose strong voice rang in her ears even now rometimes, and whose greatest joy seemed to be when he was allowed to pull her about in a little cart with red wheels.

After that, Penelope's mind was rather a blank. There were so many years exactly alike—years when she had sat studying with old Miss Mackintosh in the little back sitting-

room of her home in Stevenstone village.

The window of this little room looked out over the garden with its tangle of old-fashioned flowers and trees, beyond which could be caught a glimpee of a large, gray stone wall, which skirted the grounds and park of Latimar Court.

Often and often, as the child sat there, try-ing to concentrate her kittenish attention on ing to concentrate her kittenien attention on her work, and to check an uncontrollable desire to mimic Miss Machintosh's very broad Scotch accent, she would see Mr. Latimar's tall, elegant, black draped form walk across the lawn to where Mrs. Desborough lay in her invalid chair under the trees.

lay in her invalid chair under the trees.

Madam, as the great lady from the Court
was called, indeed, seemed never so happy as
when she was sitting with soffering Marian
Desborough in this small garden, and talking
in soft low tones of the days that were gone,
and of the future that lay before them in their
children

Her hears bled for the distraught wife up at Latimar Court, and she did all in her power to soothe and solace a grief that was passing words.

Denis was nine years old when his father died, and Penelope was about three.

In a dim, vague sort of way the girl could corriger up memories of those days. She

M old bon B and b

Penelope was about twelve years old at this time, and it was Madam who first suggested, and then urged that the girl should be sent to a good school, where she would get all the finishing touches so essential to her nature and character.

"Lucie did not need a school, Penelope does. She is not an ordinary child by any means, Marian. Now, leave this to me. I will look after the matter better than you, and, remember, I am her godmother, and it is my right to do so much)" Mrs. Latimar

So Penelope found herself, for two years. first in a very small select school in Landon, and in the beginning of her altoenth year she was sent or author taken by Mrs. Lasimar herself to a charming family in Pacis, refined, intellectual, well born, where the girl received an education that was something higher and better than that which falls to the lot of mont girls.

She was just sixteen when her godmother and kind friend died-died almost as suddenly as her husband had dens, only of a different illness—a slighteeld, unremarked and under-valued, had developed with fast speed into inflaumation of the lungs; and almost before Denis could be recalled from a walking tone in Scotland, whence he had gone with a college shum, his mother lay still and silent for ever-

more, and he released at Latimar Gourt alone, Penelops heard all this sad news from her sister Lucie, her mother was too ill and prostrated to write.

Penelops shed many sincere tears over th loss of her kind friend, and no one hesitated to fulfil the wishes of the dead woman when they became known. Penelops was desired to remain at Paris for another year, and her godmother bequeathed her some jewels, some old silver and lace, and a sum of money which was well and safely invested, and the interest of which was to be used for Mrs. Desborough's comfort during her lifetime.

Danis, almost paralysed by the suddenness of his great loss (as had adored his mother), oarried out every single desire of the beloved to the very uttermost. His kindness to Mrs. Desborough was of the tenderest description, and was repaid by deep love and gratitude, by a sympathy passing words.

He only remained at Listimar Court until atter the funeral, and then started to join his yeach for a craise round the world. He had been absent more than a year when Penelope left Paris and returned to Stevenstone. She had grown into a very beautiful girl—her mother's delight and pride in this child were mahannded.

Lucie, her eldest, her faithful, loving daughter and companion, was almost ten years Penelope's senior. She had been as a sister rather than a daughter, and the shared the mother's proud joy over the Lively young oreature who had returned to make suashine and laughter in the little cottage home.

Latimar Court, though estensibly closed, was never shus to the Desboroughs. Mrs. Desborough, however, had not the courage to visit the deserted room where she had once spent so many happy hours, and Lucie was too much occupied with domestic matters and the preparations for her modest tronsseau (she was to be married at Christmas time) to waste any moments in idleness. Lucie was not ausentimental, but she had grown practical by experience and much trouble.

Penelops was the embodiment of romanos, the personification of sentiment-only no one knew this but herself. No one as yet had dived below the girl's langhing, mischievous, eaucy surface, and discovered what treasure

lay baried in her young heart. It was very early spring whan she left Paris for Steventione, and through March and April the girl's one delight had been a daily walk through the grounds of Latimar Court, up where the trees were just bureting into joyous life, to the big grey stone building that looked so desolate with its windows closely

veiled with cold white blinds, and its empty flower boxes.

Danis Latimer was in England again. News of him reached Stevenstone, and the inhabitants wondered whether he would come back to his father's home, and live there as he had intended to do during his mother's lifetime. So far he had not set foot once in the house since the day he left it after her

"I sincerely trust he will come," the Rector Harold De Burgh, said to Mrs. Desborough. He was a young man to be a rector, not more than thirty five at the outside. adeque man, clever, very carnest, and, bating a small private income, not so poor as most elergymen. The living of Stevenstone comprised a larger area, and a bigger number sishioners than one would have imagined, and there was a good deal of work to be done, though hardly perhaps such work as was satisfied for a man of Harold De Burgh's mental

Rector was much liked, much respected, by the female part of his community, and his cellbary was a much deplored fact among the

Not that Mr. De Burgh had ever openly stated his intention of always concerning matrimony, as a matter of fact he had never said snything about it, only he seemed too much in earnest, too sures of a religionist to allow such carthly things to enter his con-

He was was a constant visiter at Laburnum Cottage, and a great favorrite with Mrs. Desborcagh. When Pensispe came home she found the Rector paid her mother a visit on an

wish a delicacy of thought and tact, he always managed to have some little matter which he liked to lay before Mrs. Desborough and ask her advice thereon. As the widow of a former rector, he declared she must be in a position to assist him better than anyone else in Stevenstone, or in the villages around.

This attention on the part of so clever and charming a man naturally delighted Mrs. Desborough, and Lucie almost loved Harold De Bargh for such kind thought towards her invalid mother. Penelope did not trouble heard so many stories of little Penelope while she had been away, that he declared he was already well acquainted with Mrs. Desborough's "baby," and was prepared to treat the girl with that semi-parental, semipatronizing way peculiar to men with

He soon found Penelope was in no wise prepared for this sort of treament, and Mr. De Bargh somehow grew very silent, and if possible a tittle dull, whenever the girl flashed

her brilliant presence upon him. He found out her daily excursions up to Latimar Court, and once or twice, as she v sauntering home through the fitful warmth of the spring sunshine, Penelope would come upon the Rector's tall figure walking part the big gates. Once she had met him on horseback, and he looked so handsome and so unlike his usual severe obvious self that the girl had stared at him.

I did not know you, really and truly, Mr. "I did not know you, really and stray, Mr. De Bargh," she declared, with that frank manner of hers, which partook slightly of the nature of precociousness. "You look so nice!" she added, articesly.

Harold De Burgh " refuned, almost delicate, face had flushed a listle beneath the steady gazs of those big blue eyes. What blue eyes

they were, to be sure !

That is hardly flawering, you know, Miss Penelope; at least, it is a dubious compli-ment," he had said, with a laugh-

Oh ! did I say anything rade? I do such dreaded things! Of course I meant overy-thing that was nice. I meant I like you in that siding outs, is is so becoming."

Harold De Burgh bart his hardsome bead wish its short, pore ted brown heard that gave a touch of Velsyquez to his face; there was

a half amused air at the same time, a curious blending of earnestness and pathos in his expression.

I am afraid you-you don't care for my black coat, Miss Penelope?" he said.

Had she been anything but what she was, guileless and unsophisticated beyond de-scription, Penelops must have talt there was an undercurrent beneath these few words; not excelving this, she only smiled.

**I will tell you something," she said, try-

ing to look demure, and yet smiling in eyes and lips; "but promise not to be very shooked. Loan't bear your black coat, Mr. De Burgh.

Tou look—so stern—and so—so begeyish in it. I am frightened of you!" and then she had held up her slim hand.
"Good bye," she had said. "You know I go so London to morrow to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Rochdale? I intend to have no and of a good time, I assure you."

and of a good time, I seems you."

The Rector had said something pleasant in a mechanical sort of fashion, and then he had ridden stowly on, only drawing rein at a corner of the read to watch the graceful, girlish figure vanish in the distance.

It was something of a blow to Harold De Burgh to resting the slow to Harold De Burgh to resting the much sunshine and beauty of life lay for him in Penelope Destorough's presence. The fact that she was going away made him a pang, not only because his eyes would not see her for long, but because other eyes would see ther, and other hands might purhape cleap her in her positions young

other eyes would see her, and other hands might perhaps obesported by the persens young beauty and draw her away.

He was powerless to prevent this. It was too soon to speak to Penstope, she would not understand; and although he felt only too surely that Mrs. Desberough would gladly give her child into his keeping, he was too proud and just to woo his wife in that manner. He would purious his hope and wait until Penslone came hand. After all he wait until Penelops came back. After all, he need not despair. She was so young, and, despite her beauty, so poor, it was more than possible the world would not take her from

The world did exactly what Mr. De Burgh had imagined. The world at least, the very limited few of it that Mrs. Roohdale permitted her to meet, was enchanted with Penclope's young leveliness and piquency, but is ended there entirely. It would have been hard to describe the consternation that filled Mrs. Rochdale's worldly breast when she saw what her niece was, and realised how dangerous she might and possibly would be to

Mss. Roohdale had been actuated by a spasm of hindly feeling towards her poor sister Marcia, struggling with pain and poverty down in a distant country village, when she had written and invited Panelege to come and spend a few weeks of the Lundon season wish herself and her daughter.

If ever a spasm of kindliness was regretted most heartily, that spasm belonged to Mrs. Roshdale. Size had had no notion of what Penelope would be like, and, in fact, had not troubled herself very much. The girl would be useful in odds and ends of ways. Marcia wanted a companion cometimes, and she and Mrs. Rochdale could never be accused in future of not having done semething for her family. So Penelope came—came to create absolute consternation in the breasts of her aumi and her cousin.

Marcia Rochdale was a young woman of sixong character and stronger will. She was clever and shrewd and very practical. She was called handsome, and as a matter of fact she was handsome in wrather big sort of way, with a sort of cold bearing which passed for

The morning after Penelops's arrival she

went into the mother's boudoir,
"You know, of course, that I shall not
dream of going out with that girl, mother?" she said, coldly.
Mrs. Robidule frowned.

"Her appearance is certainly regrettable,

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very," she said, as though poor fittle Penelope had been searred with small pox. "How long is she going to stay?" inquired

Marcia, briefly.

Mrs. Rochdale explained it was simply out Mrs. Rochdale explaned is was simply out of the question that Penelope could possibly be returned to her village home, at least not for the immediate moment; but Mrs. Rochdale was a woman of infinite contrivance, and Penelope was speedily relegated to the background of the life in Rutland Gate with

the greatest case in the world.

the greatest case in the world.

Penelope was perfectly happy in her background. There was so much to amuse her and interest her. She was allowed to go out for rambles alone in the park in the early morning, with the degree and a very thick veil. This was a precaution her aunt insisted upon. She drave sometimes with Mrs. Rechale, always wearing the same thick reil, and she at with Marcia in Miss Rochdale's dainty bedroom, watching the preparations for balls, dinners, parties, with all the zest of a ohild. It was in moments like this that Penelope

beard all the gossip and suppositions about Denis Latimar and his fature. Marcis having first excelully pumped her cousin, and been absolutely satisfied that Denis Latimar and Penelope had not met, at least not for years, took a sert of malicious pleasure in air-ing her information about the rich young man whom society was pleased to consider its greatest parti of the moment.

was by insinuation rather than statement that Penelope gathered the idea that Mr. Latimar was a constant visitor at the big house in Rutland Gate.

Marois had a way of 'qanally' mentioning something or other about these visits, chiefly because she had an idea it roused a feeling of

occases she had an idea it roused a feeling of envy and jealcusy in Penelope's breast.

"She must have it," was Marcia's uncharitable thought. "It must alle her to know he is cuch a great friend of ours, when he takes no notice obsclutely of her and her belongings. I expect," had been Miss Rochdele's next thought, "he shirks them. I remember Aunt Marian was alleast greaters of correspondents. Marian was always weeping; of course, she would presume on the acquaintance she had years ago with his mother, and hore him to death. As for Penelope, she is just the hoy-denish tomboy sort of creature a man like Denis Latimar would detest!"

Having which opinion, it was very strange that Miss Rochdale should have manceuvred so cleverly that her little conein should not once cross Denis Latimar's path during his

many visits to the house.

Denis had, in fact, inquired several times for Penelope. He had paid a flying visit to Latimar Court during the girl's ahrence from her home, and had learnt from Mrs. Desborough that her "baby" was staying with Mes. Rochdale.

Naturally Denis made a point of asking for the girl, and expressed real regret at his ili

fuck in always missing her.

Penelope had just gone to the park, or was driving with mamma, or was having tea with

this person or that, always rome engagement.
"My little god sister is a butterfly, I am
atraid," the young man thought to himself;
but after this passing regret he thought no

The season came to an end; Penelops was dismissed, having been kept carefully in hand while Denis's plans were unannounced; the Rochdeles went to Cowes. Mr. Listimar's yacht was to be there; and Penelope returned to Laburaum Cottage, to find everything upside down, and hrr delicate, pretty, invalid

mother in a great state of excitement.

There was to be a general exodus of the whole household to the seasife—quite an unheard of proceeding! and they were to diart on the morrow after her arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

And the cause, the promoter of all this excitement, was Denis Latimar.

Penelope almost stamped her foot with

irritation when she heard his name. She had grown so tired of hearing of him, and of having sententious speeches and remarks of his, which were as falsely attributed as they were disagreeable, repeated to her that she could almost have persuaded berself she cut and cut disliked this young man whom she had not

yet seen.

To her mother's delighted recountal of all that had happened—how Denishad come down only three days before, and coolly and calmly amounced he had taken a gaite of rooms in an hotel at Waveton, a tiny lists era village on the south coset, and how he had firmly but tenderly insisted on conveying the invalid and her belongings thither without delay—Penelope had nothing but smiles and hisses of appreciation. appreciation.

The girl worshipped her suffering mother; often she would pray that some of her own young vitality and health might be passed into the feeble celloate body to help it to bear the burden of pain that never left it. So all that gave pleasure to her mother was pleasure

To Lucie, her sister, she showed a different

aspect.

"I hate all this, Lucie," she said, passionately and bitterly.

"Of course the sea air will do mother good; but we could have managed it by ourselves, I am sure. We are not manager altogether!"

paupers altogether!"

Lucie had opened her blue eyes, that bore only a very faint resemblance to the flashing

ones before her.

"Why, Pen," she had exclaimed, "what a little fary! What on earth is the matter? Why should you object to let Denis Latimer show some little attention to his mother's oldest and dearest friend?"

Penelope frowned.

"Lest him show her all the attention he likes; but it is no use, Lucie, I hate letting him spend his money on all of us in this way, just—just as if," with a burst of petulance, "we were factory girls being given a beanfeast or a wayzgoose, or whatever you call it, by our employer I"

by our employer I"
Lucie had to laugh at this.

"You are a comical little thing," she said, and then she kissed the beautiful flushed face.
"Darling," she said, wistfully, "don't let pride blind your eyes; we are peor, Pen, horribly poor. Without this thought on Denis Latinuar's part it would be impossible to give nother the chance she needs as hadly. to give mother the change she needs so badly. Dr. Radford says it will set her up for months. We might, of convee, have got her a week or two somewhere, but stop and think what it would have been like. She would have had to go to cheap lodging with one of us only and no comforts, and she would have fretted all the time over the expense all the time. As it

"As it is!" Penelope had broken in, "I see I you mean, l-revers de la medaille! Indeed, "As it is!" Penelope had broken in. "I see all you mean, I revers de la medaille! Indeed, you are right, Indie, and I am a seifish boast. Only," here the girl had flashed round, "if I am expected to grovel before Danis Latimar, and thank him for all this—well, I tell you flatly, Lucia, I would sooner die!"

"Dear Pen," Lucie had hantened to say a little would see had hantened to say a little would see had been a see lives of the had a little would see had been a see lives of the had a little would see he had a little would see he had been a see lives of the had a little would see he had been a little would be he had been a little would be the little would be he had been a little would be here.

"Dear Pen," Lucie had hastened to say a little bewildered by her sister's passionate spirit, but not surprised, for Lucie had long ago known that a different nature lived in Penelope's beautiful frame to her own gentle patient one, "you shall do nothing of the sort, and Deals would be the last to expect the control of the sort, and Deals would be the last to expect the control of the last to expect the control of the last to expect the last the last to expect the last to expect the last the last the last to expect the last the last to expect the last the last to expect the last to expect the last Wait till you see bim. He is an absolute leman. It is impossible to dielike him as gentleman. you seem to have made up your mind to for some reason or other. I wish you had met him when you were in London."

"I heard quite enough of him, thank you," Penelope had said; and then she had sat in deep thought for a long time, and the ontoome of that thought was a sudden clearance of the cloud from her face, and a joyous slight in her

and good; but I think both you and I ought to be independent of him, and we can be, You know that on my eighteenth birthday I am to have fifty pounds from Grandmanma Desborough. Well, that fifty pounds shall go to pay our expenses, yours and mine, while we are at Waveton. Walter will awayee you the money, and you shall tell Mr. Latimar that we will gladly accept his kindness for mamma but not for ourselves."

Lucis was rather aghast.
"But Pen," she remonstrated, "that money would-

Penelope had settled the matter by jumping off the corner of the table where she had been

"Piesse say no more, Lucie. We will do that, or I at least shall not go to Waveton at

Lucie had succumbed, of course; but as Penelope was flitting away out of the room she called her back, looking rather anxious. "I will tell Denis; and Pen, dear, you will

be nice to him, not rade or—"
"I shall be just exactly as I always am to everybody. I don't know whether I am rude, but I fancy sometimes I am a little. It I am. Mr. Latimar must accept it as a regrettable fact which cannot be altered."

Lucie sighed, and looked after the graceful figure in a slightly dubious way. There was something she did not quite understand about

the girl, but her mind was soon set at rest on the score of vague possibilities. Penelope was charming to Denis Latimar. When he came with the big Latimar carriage to convey Mrs. Desborough to a station near on the road than Stevenstone, he found the ble sunbeam.

"Here'lls my 'baby!' Now our party is quite complete," Mrs. Desborough had said to him, and Penelope had put her little hand into his, and smiled at him in that frankly

bewitching way of hers.
"How d'ye do ?—at last!" she said. thought I was never going to see you, Denis. I hope you don't mind my calling you Denis.

We were babies together, you know!"
"Mind!" Denis had said, and his strong
sunburnt fingers closed over her little ones. "Why, we are going to be the best friends in the world, you and I, Penelope. I don't re-member about our being babies together. I rather fancy I have had the start of you by a good nine or ten years; but our acquaintance is a pretty old one all the same. I was only looking at your little red-wheeled out yester-day. It is the room that used to be my

With such a beginning, it was only natural that these two young people should drift into an absolutely familiar friendship.

Penelope's audacionness and canciness, her bright young spirit, her laughter, her sunshiny chatter, her whole beautiful individuality, were at once new, startling at first, to Denie Latimar; but growing dangerously awest every moment he passed in the girl's presence.

He convayed Mrs. Deaborough down to Waveton and stayed the night, departing early the next morning, as they all thought, to join his yacht; but turning up in the course of the next few hours laden with books, with fruit, with flowers; and with some very feeble excuse about an accident to the machinery on board the yacht.

"I can't use it for a week. Will you let me stay here with you?" he saked Mrs. Des-borough, his handsome face very tender as it looked as her.

To such a question there was but one answer. Indeed, Marian Desborough's heart answer. Indeed, Marian Descripping heart
was overflowing with love and gratifude to
her dead friend's son.
"A week!" Pensiops had said to herself
when she was alone, and she had grown very

"Lucie," she said, "I have thought of The woman within her had been suddenly something. If Mr. Latimar likes to pay some aroused. She was not deceived by the exquee attention to our mother, as you put it, well about the yacht. The woman within her had been suddenly

She felt a strange thrill and wild beating at her heart when her eyes looked into those clear steel grey ones of Denis Latimar.

She knew, as she looked, that he was not the man Marcia Roshiale had represented him to be, that he was something higher and better than Marcia Roshdale could ever appreciate; but the poison of her cousin's sneers lived in her veins, stirring her proud blood to fever heat and rehalism. and rebellion.

"When you meet him, if ever you do,'
Marcia had said, 'I should advise you not to
set your cap at Denis Latimar. He knows
just what sort of thing to expect from a poor

girl, and," & a., & a.

And this was what ran in Penelope's brain
and embittered her thoughts.

She knew now vaguely in a dim far off way, but true all the same, that she need never trouble to "set her cap" at Denis Latimar— the soul of Denis Latimar had appeared unto her soul—the silent speech of sympathy, of afficity, of much more, had passed between their eyes.

He was hers already, in a few short hours he was hers. And she was going to be blind to all this; she was going to push him away from her, she was going to shut him out of her life as though he had never been.

Could I bear to know the bitter horrible things Maroia would say of me? Oh!" covering her face with her hands "no, no, I should die: Far better to keep one's pride—pride is the best thing in the world! the very best! the very best!

And that was a week ago, and so it had seemed to her; but so it did not seem to her any longer as she stood looking at her reflection

in her mirror, staring at her suddenly whitened cheeks and anguish stricken eyes of blue.

"I—I wanted him to go. I wanted him to go," she said to herself in a whisper, as the sound of his frank clear voice rang in her ears.
"I ought to be glad. Why am I not glad?"

There was a carlous pain in drawing her breath. She pulled a listle impatiently at the body of her pink frock; but it was quite loose, the pain did rot come from that.

She shivered suddenly. Should she ever be able to rid her mind of the memory of this day—the dull grey sea, the dull sky, the pouring rain, the gleaming parade, the muddy road; and that stern handsome face, grown all with emption and min steries. pale with emotion and pain, staring down at her, the eyes expressing all the heart felt, and

the lips could not speak!
She turned suddenly from the mirror, and olasped her hands over her face. Tears were perilously near; they must not come yet, they

Quick as lightning she took up a rough towel and sorubbed her cheeks. There was a spurious glow that would last a little while, and she had heard his footstep running down again. She did not stop to allow herself any more time to remember now—remembrance must come afterwards. Now she must act must finish the destruction of her happinessmust carry out her own tragedy to the bitter end—must put the finishing stroke to her own undoing.

Poor little Penelope !

(To be continued.)

RENE-FORGEOT, a student of chemistry, has discovered a chemical means for the detection of criminals. His compound will render visible not only spots of blood, however thoroughly washed off, but even the touch of a hand or a naked foot on walls, paper, or foot-boards. The lines of the hand that touched the wall or door are brought out with a perfection so great as to enable the recognition of any hand. The touch of a finger on a pane of glass may thereby be used to detect the owner. With such means of detection, will there be any possibility of foul orimes much

JASPER PALLISER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI .- (continued)

"You see, Roderick;" Lord Rossallyn's lawyer was a coarse, vulgar man, but he was on terms of sufficient familiarity with his noble client to warrant him in addressing him by his Christian name, "we must be prudent. It's no good buying a pig in a poke.
Unless the money's sure, you're better without a wife, for what is a wife but an incumbrance, no disrespect to the lady, to a poor man? We can't afford to run risks, my dear man? We can't afford to run risks, my dear fellow. You want money; you are eager to call the beautiful Miss Danvers and the Palliser property yours; but the one without the other is no good—that is, the lady with-out the property is no good—to us. Ha, ha! You talked of being married at once, and I suppose the troussean and finery is ordered: suppose the troussesu and finery is ordered; but don't have the family jewels reset, or your wedding garments made yet—not till all's sure. Old Parker is a fool—not up to the

sure. Old Parker is a fool—not up to the time of day—one of the slow-going old school; he ought to have ferreted out this young fellow months ago, whether he be Roger Palliser's legitimate son or not."

"Then you believe he is a son of Roger Palliser?" cried Rossallyn, in dismay.

"It seems like it," answered Hime.

"Whough!" whistled Rossallyn, looking terribly put out. "In that case, Hime, I must fall back on the widow! Let me see, I believe I have a letter from her somewhere. I'll look for it. She did talk of coming over to England this season."

Hime looked at his noble client with a

queer glance from his black eyes.
"Bravo, Roderick! You've always something to fall back upon! Look up the widow by all means, and put off your marriage with the heiress till things are sure. Don's break with her, though. It may be all right, you

" Hope it may be. Mrs. Macdonald might not be an easy woman to get on with. Miss Danvers would give me no trouble. Besides, she's the richer of the two, and—a lady," said

Rossallyn, carelessly.

"Ah! that goes for something, of course;

"Ah! that goes for something, of course; but be prudent, remember all that depends on it," said Hime, gravely. "Run no risks."
"I'm not likely to forget," answered Rossallyn, and he shivered and turned pale as a certain thought passed through his mind—the remembrance of a certain transaction in which he had lately been engaged, and which he had not confided to Jacob Hime; a transaction that had required news distinguished. action, that had required nerve, diplomacy and hardihood, and which, he had learnt but a week or two before, had been brought to a

"Risks," he muttered, as he drove away from Jacob Hime's office. "He little knows from Jacob Hime's office. "He little knows the risks I have run, old fox that he is, though he flatters himself he is acquainted with all my affairs. This has removed the great impediment out of my way. Thanks to that rascal who came over to blackmail me, and to the five thousand I won from Plavoski, I am a free man this day!"

He drew from his pocket-book a paper and read it carefully. It had been given to him in a dirty, obscure little inn, near the docks in Glasgow, but a couple of weeks previously, by the dark haired foreigner who had met him on the night of the Derby meeting as he was walking home to Chester square from the restaurant where he had dired with his

racing friends. He had remained in Glasgow till the evening of the day after he had received it, and had made himself certain, as he believed, that his old acquaintance had left the country for America; and then he had returned to London, a great weight lifted from his shoulders, a great anxiety removed from his mind, relieved of a terror that had oppressed him, and a danger and difficulty that had given him no rest and hampered his plans for many a long

He read the paper through carefully.
"I wonder how—how he managed it? He said it was all right, that it was—she was—Pshaw! what does that matter to me? I had no hand in it. He is answerable for that, rascal that he is !" he muttered; and with a hasty, trembling hand he thrust the paper back into his pocket book, and the book into his breast pocket.

his breast pocket.

"I must take good care of it," he said. "It may—the fact might be called in question one day, but with this I am safe."

It was the certificate of a death!
Following Mr. Hime's advice, when, on the day previous to Jim Rogers' visit to Brighton, Rossallyn had rejoined his intended bride, though his manner was as tender and devoted as ever to her, he said nothing more about fix-

ing the wedding day.

He deplored the length of time business had heps him away, and hinted, with apparent regret, that in all probability it might yet be a little time ere that business was settled. He discussed plans for the future with Nella

He discussed plans for the future with Nella and Lady Vane; but did not urge things forward as he had done previously, although he affected even greater fondness for his bride than before; and as time went on, and the mysterious paragraphs Howard had foreshadowed appeared in the papers, his doubts and fears increased tenfold, though he hid them carefully from Nella and her aunt.

"I must certainly look up the widow," he said to himself. "I have her letter in my despatch box. Ah!" taking out a gaily emblazoned envelope, "here[it is. Let me see. Whas! in England—here! By Jove! Strange. I'll go and call on her to morrow. Looking foward to meeting me—to steing me once again, is she? Sentimental, soul! Odd how mad these American women are after titles; though a cute woman, as she herself would mad these American women are after since; though a cute woman, as she herself would say, she would give all she has to be called 'my lady.' Well, I may be able to keep her to it. Things look shady for poor listle Nells. That hulking Australian seems to have a good case. Gad! he'd better marry the little thing if he wins it, console her for my loss, and make it all right for both of them!"

CHAPTER XII.

" TESSA BEARS A VOICE."

THE strangeness—the little "something" novel to it in Lord Rossallyn's manner did not escape Nella. What did it mean? What not escape Nella. What did it mean? What had caused it? she wondered, and more than had caused it? she wondered, and more than ever was she oppressed by the feeling that although Rossallyn professed to love her, though in a few weeks, or a month or two, she would become his wife, yet that between them yawned a great gulf; that in reality she knew but very little of him, hardly more than she did on the first day of their engagement; that she only saw the outside of the man, the face that he showed to all the rest of the world; but that of his inner self she knew nothing—his real character, his real thoughts and feelings were a sealed book to her. and feelings were a sealed book to her.

What all might know of him she knew, but

what all might know of him she knew, but nothing more. That deeper, more intimate knowledge that a wife ought, or a dear friend might have of him she did not possess.

Vainly she had endeavoured to break down the barrier between them, to gain his confidence, to make herself acquainted with his real self; all her efforts had been fruitless, at warm that the she had and a self-called. every turn she was befiled, and a feeling of deep despondency was growing up in her

As Jim Rogers had once said to himself, Nella was not worldly by nature, but simple, loving and sincere. Her training had been faulty, Lady Vane had striven to implant her own frivolous ideas and scutiments in her god-daughter's heart, but bappily had not 92

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been able quite to succeed in stifling and de stroying the good qualities and feelings nature had endowed her with.

and endowed ner with.

She fels that for a happy marriage confidence and love were required. Resallyn's confidence, she daily fets, she did not possess; and scruppliously polite, gallam and devoted to her as he was, she began to doubt if she neally presented by large and some statements.

to her as he was, she began to doubt if she really possessed his love.

"I don't think poor Mr. Rogers; Nella's feeling towards Jim Rogershad softened considerably, would have been so difficult to understand, and get on with as Roderick is," she mused, as Rossallyn, in his usual cold, graceful, bantering manner had put aside some little attempt of Nella's to win his confidence. "I don't think he would have refused—no, not refused exactly, but laughed at me for wishing to know what the business was that kept him so long in Scotland, and put the question aside without answering it, and as if he thought I was just a little presuming in asking it.

"Am I never to know what he does-where

he goes—how he is engaged?
"Aunt Delia says no man likes to be interfered with or questioned; but, surely, there was nothing to object to in such a simple query

"Auth Delia says I am childish and touchy, too simple and foolish; I don't see it. I am sure if I had asked Mr. Rogers—pahaw! why am I always contrasting Mr. Rogers, a man who is trying to ruin me, with poor Rode-

"Perhaps it is my own fault I do not succeed in making bim my friend—perhaps I don't go the right way to work. Why!" she looked hastily cut of the window, "there is Rode-rick! I thought he told me had letters to write, and would not be out again this afternoon

She ran to the window and looked out. Perhaps her lover might look up and see her; but no! he passed on, under the very window at which she stood, without raising his eyes, turned down a neighbouring atreet, and was

lost to vie w.

Mrs. Macdonald and her young friend have mrs. macdonate and ner young friend nave now been more than three weeks at Brighton. Tessa had recovered her bealth and strength rapidly, but was still hanneld by a terrible dread of meeting either her uncle or Dr. Bonnetti, or, perhaps, the strange doctor name unknown, whom the two had called in to visit her in London.

So strong was this feeling of terror that Mrs. Mandonald had been unable to persuade Tessa to leave the house or show herself in

public.

public.

She passed her time principally in her own little room, and only after dark emerged from it, and sat in the balcony before the drawing-room windows, from whence she could gaze on the starlit ocean and breath fresh sea-breezes.

Mrs. Macdonald had become very fond of her strangely found friend, and did all in her power to dispel her strong, and induce her to only her voluntary sequence.

power to dispet her terrors, and induce her to quit her voluntary seclusion.

Tears came into Tessa's eyes, and she seemed so unseasy when she pressed her that at length the good natured widow desisted.

"Wait till Giovanni comes," Tessa begged.
"I have written to him, and when he comes I shall no longer fear; let me remain hidden till then, afterwards it shall be different. Let people think me—if they think of me at all— your companion, your maid even; then no one will find it strange that I remain unseen."

will find it strange that I remain unseen."

"You, my companion, my maid—you beautiful creature," laughed Mrs. Macdonald.

"Well! my dear, it shall be as you wish, of course; only I hope Signor Giovanni will hurry up, and deliver you from your captivity sharp. I long to show you to the world, my dear, to introduce you to my friends, to see you looking happy and enjoying life again. Oh! don's shake your head; you will. Your cousin will persuade you, though I cannot, that you are safe, and that neither your uncle nor anyone else can harm you any more. Yes, my poor dear, you have your troubles, I know—bad ones, too—but such, that it is better for

you never to think of them. Hark! there is a knock at the door. Visitors! Vamose, as we say, my child. Hide yourself quickly, I hear them coming upstairs!"

Footsteps were, indeed, socending; yet, for one instant, Tessa paused, her face paling and filling with a look of terror; then, as a hand was laid on the door, she fled. The visitor was Lord Rossallyn.

visitor was Lord Rossallyn.
"At last," he orled, ear "At last," he cried, eagerly, advancing towards Mrs. Macdonald. "At last I see you Welcome, a thousand welcomes England."

And he seized Amanda's hand and pressed

gallantly to his lips.
She smiled and blushed, well pleased She smiled and blushed, well pleased.
"I am very glad to see you, my lord," she said with a strong Yankee accent, that excitement of any kind invariably heightened, and which smote painfully on Resallyn's fastidious ears, and for which the pleasure she expressed at seeing him could not quite atone. "I had almost feared you had forgotten me. I workes no."

gotten me; I wrote so—"
"I only got your letter two days ago,"
interrupted Rossallyn, eagerly. "I have been
away, and your letter has been lying all this away, and your letter has been lying all this time at my house in Chester square, I regret to say. You know my wandering habits of old. They hardly knew where I was, or whether it would be sate to forward my letters or no. Dear Mrs. Macdonald, forgive me my apparent neglect. You cannot really believe I would have allowed so many days to pass without coming to see you had I known of your whereabouts?"

He looked with a glance of the deepest solicitude into Amanda Macdonald's face. She was far from being implacable, and he saw at once from her smile that he was for-

Rossallyn's visit was a long one. He and Mrs. Macdonald found a great deal so talk about. Old days, old friends, old adventures; in all of which Rossallyn seemed to take great interest, and to look back to with delight; giving her to understand indirectly that, eince he had quitted America the year regions he had done nothing but long to reprevious, he had done nothing but long to return, that there was no country he liked so well, and no people like the Americans; and,

well, and no people like the Americans; and, above all, no women he had ever met—in America, or elsewhere—to be compared to the fair lady with whom he was conversing.

His delicate flattery delighted Mrs. Macdonald. How delightful he was, she thought; what a knack he had of putting one in a thorough good hum ur with oneself and all around; what charming compliments he paid; how poliched, handsome, fascinating he was!

All the time he was with her, Amanda Macdonald felt in a seventh heaven of glorified donald felt in a seventh heaven of glorified contentment.

It was not till her visitor was gone, and the glamour of his charms had begun to fade a vay a little, that being really—as he had said—a "oute" woman, and possessing a consaid—a "ouse" woman, and possessing a owell, siderable amount of common sense as well, she began to question herself as to the sincerity of her noble admirer. "Is's all very pleasant to be told," she mused; "but it can't be all true. It's not

mused; "but it can't be all true. It's not likely he believes all he says. No; not much! I can't belp believing him when he's here, and it's so pleasant to believe him, but when he's gone I, see it can't be true. Guess he's a bit of a humbug like the rest of them! Did he really only get my letter two days ago? I wish I could find out. What a handsome man he is, and yet," glancing at a photograph that stood in a silver frame on the writing, table, "Silas's face is best—it's so true. No humbug there!"

humbug there!"
She got up, and taking the photo in her hand, gaz:d at it long and thoughtfully.
"I don't know how it is," she mused, pensively, as she looked at it, "but since I left home I've thought a great deal about Silas—a great deal more than I have about him—and I've missed Silas awful! I'll not be in a hurry. I'll take time. I'll take Silas's advice and not hurry."

She put down the port alt with a sigh—the loor into the room opened slowly, and Tessa Varsari entered cautiously.

She looked round the room, her eyes filled with a frightened light.

"Has—has he gone?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

tering voice.

"Yes, my dear." replied Amanda, gaily,
"There is no one here now, you are quite
safe. He stayed a long time, didn't he?
You've been kept prisoner an unconscionable
while. An old friend," and she blushed a
little. "I knew him very well in America."

A look of relief came into Tessa's beautiful,

frightened face. "In America! Is he an American then?"

when I knew him, my child! Such a charming man, Tessa. When that good cousin of yours arrives, and you emerge from your seclusion I must introduce him to you. I am sure you would like him!,"
"It is odd," said Tessa, in a low voice, and paused. She seemed very thoughtful and evidently had not heard half Mrs. Macdonald

had been saying to her.
"What is odd, you grave darling?" asked ahe.

"I—I thought—I felt almost positive I knew his voice," replied Tessa, timidly. "What is his name?"

"He is Lord Rossallyn—the Earl of Rossallyn, my dear," replied Amanda, lingering a little over the high sounding title as if it pleased her.

Tesm's face brightened.
"Lord Rossallyn!" Oh!

"Lord Rossellyn! Oh! I must have been mistaken then. I never knew anyone of that name. You can't think what a shook it gave me when I fancied I recognised his voice, Mrs. Macdonald."

"Why? poor child! Did you imagine it was your uncle or one of his friends?" asked

Amanda.
"No," replied Tessa, almost in a whisper.
"Someone else—Jomeone I have not seen for

"Someone else—Jomeone i have not seen acy years, and—"
"Ab! poor darling! I understand," said Mrs. Macdonald, soothingly, for Tessa seemed greatly agitated. "But it was all fanoy, you see. Come, sit down now comfortably, and we will have tes. I'll tell them not to admit any more visitore."
"How kind, how good you are," murmured

Tessa, gratefully.

At which Mrs. Macdonald laughed, and kissed her, and then rang the bell for tea.

Meanwhile, Rossallyn returned to his hotel in very tolerable spirits. Mrs. Macdonald had received him almost more kindly than he had expected. She was handsomer th

had received him almost more kindly than he had expected. She was handsomer than ever, and, from a few words in answer to a skilfully framed question he had put to her, he was satisfied, richer and more prosperous than she was when he had last seen her.

A polite inquiry after Silas Brockfield and his doings had elicited this welcome information; for Armanda did not scruple to laud his business qualities, and to inform her admirer how successful he had been in the management of her affairs.

"A handsome woman and a clever woman," he shought, as he strolled home. "Bent on being a success and becoming my lady, I see. Would it be possible to make anything of her in society, I wonder, if I were to do what she evidently expects me to do and ask her to become Lady Rossallyn? I'm glad she's not brought that long cousin over with her. He was always in the way before. Jovel she's come across just in the nick of time for me. I'm safe with her. I've only to speak the word, to make her a counters and 'hive the dollars,' as shey say in her detectable country. No mistake about the dollars there. I found that out a year ago."

After this searcely a day passed without

that out a year ago."
After this, scarcely a day passed without Borsallyn and Amanda meeting, either at her lodgings or in public, and people began to

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smile knowingly as they watched the couple, amile knowingly as may wanced and couple, and observed the attention the handsome. Earl was paying the rich American widow, coupling it with the paragraphs concerning the expected has suit anon the Palliser property, and drawing their own of colosions from what they observed.

Lady Vane and Nella meanwhile had re-tioned to London. Mr. Parker had requested Nella's presence in town, for, though the drawing of the settlements had been post-posed, there was much business to be done; and though he did not say so to Nella, the poor old lawyer was growing daily more and more anxious as to the result of the suit. which, it was now a well-known fact, was about to be brought by Jim Rogers against his client for the recovery of the Palities property.

(To be continued.)

AN EVIL DEED.

(Continued from page 588.)

"Where is he?" oried Dan suspiciously;

"Where's he a hiding of hisself?"
"I don't know," cried the

's know," cried the bewildered woman. evening. Walt here while I lock through the house.

He dropped into a chair with a great of acquisucence, and she left him and ran upstairs. Into every room she went, but no Sam appeared. Ab, where had he gone? Had he deserted her? left her to be crushed and overwhelmed by the mighty hand of

She found Dan out in the hall when she got down again. He was standing looking curiously at the boxes which she had packed

and placed there the day before. "Was you a thinkin' o'leavin'?" he acked,

"Yes, this morning!" was the brief re-sponse, and he grinned triumphantly as he

"I'm glad I comed down then," he taid, in

aly tones "Why?" asked Rachael, her eyes fixed on

the bundle of wraps. 'Oause if you'd gone I shouldn't have got

nothin'; but now-"But now, as it happens, Sam has gone!"

she interrupted in toy tones.
"How d' yer know?" he snarled.

"His coat and hat are gone," she said,

composedly.

So he's sneaked away and left you to pay for his misdeads?" he said, enseringly, mad

with disappointment.
"Hush!" she said, sharply. "I won't hear Sam run down! I know where he's gone and shall soon follow him."

Her curiously quiet manner as she said this

and due to any man wonderfully,

"But sin I to have nothin' for all I've
done?" he growled, savagely. "I'm quied
ont o' pocket, and shall most likely be nabled
for keepin' the detectives away from Sam."

Rachael looked at him scornfully, but, after a minute's consideration, walked into the hitchen and came back with a small cash bex. "There's a hundred pounds in that!" he said, quickly. "I had it ready to take with me, Sam has all the rest with him. Will that do?"

"I s'pose so," he grambled, though really

"but," cunningly, "I must count it."
"Be quick then. 'Tis easy enough to do,
it's all in notes."

She stood looking at him grimly, watching his stuking fingers turning over the flimey

bits of paper.
"Right!" he said, stoffing them into a dirty old pocket book, and dropping the box on the ground. e ground.

"May as well go now, I a pose? They'll

be here soon, and they'd take me if they saw

"Oh, yes, go!" she said, quickly. "I've a lot to do, and shell be glad to be alone." "You'll be off too, eh?" be asked, pausing

on the steps. She turned her hard, stern face to him, and

a wintry emile played round her thin lips.
"Yes, I shan't be long here after you are gone," she said, coolly, and slammed the door in his face, watching him afterwards from the study window, until he turned a corner and disappeared. Then she harried to a great desk, and pulled open a drawer at the side.

"As I thought," she muttered. "All his money still here! Poer Sam! he looked queer last night. Ah, that outsed drink! I might have prevented him if I had been in my right mind. Perhaps 'tis better, though, than to die by the hangman's hand, as would certainly have been his fate otherwise."

She pushed the drawer in again, gave one long, lingering look round the room, and passed

out into the kitchen.

"What of that girl?" she suddenly cried, standing with her hand reating heavily on the sable. "Pebaw I let her lie there. They'll find her soon enough." Drawing a glass to her, she filled it carefully with which, and holding it up, gazed fixedly at it for some little ti How innocent it locks I how harmless I'm she muttered, putting it down at last, and walking horriedly about the room. "Shall I live on when Sam is gone?" she mused, drearily. "No, no! I could not, I date not. But is he dead? Ay, that I am certain of. He went to that horrible place last night, I know, as time after time be has done when he thought me sate askep. Some deadly fascina-tion seemed to draw him there. Yes!" she cried-aloud, in wild tones, "I seem to see him lying in that dreadful orchard in his last deep skep. Sam dear!"—looking beforeher fixedly, as though she could see her guilty brother as though she could see her guilty brother— "I'll join you soon, and in the same way. It's but fair that we should die by this."

Her hand had stoled up to the bosom of her dress. She drew lozah a tiny bostle, full of a purplish liquid, and held it up to the light. "Last time! last time!" she muttered, a

strong shudder passing over her. Ah! how unsuspectingly she drank shat coffee! Pulling out the early, she emptied the whole of the contents into the whisky, and lifting the glass to her lips, drank the mixture down at one galp. "Let them come now!" she cried, fiercely. "Let them come! We have builled them, Sant and T1

A glassy look came into the hard grey eyes. Ehe raised her hand in a bewildered way to her forehead, and staggering across the room. sank, with a strange wild cry, full langth on to a lew couch beneath the window.

Barbara, leaning back pale and exhausted in her chair, after her night of fevered unrest, had fallen into an unessy alumber when she, too, was disturbed by Dan's hasty, imperative knocking. Who could it be at that hour? she wondered with wild excitement. Surely Guy must have discovered the cheat that had been practised upon him, had found out that she was still in the old house, and, burning wish indignation, had come to deliver her out of the hands of her crnel gaolers.

She heard the great door open and slat-after a time, distinguished faintly the sound of vorces, but, alse I no footsteps approached the celler, and with a feeling of bitter disappointment she came to the conclusion that is could only have been Mr. Glaister returned from one of the early walks he was so fond of

Once again the door banged, then a great stillness seemed to fall over the house, and the girl, sad and drooping, went back to her chair again. Worn out with watching and waiting, again. Worn one with watching and waning, she laid har tired head back against the hard wood, and burst into a passion of bitter terra. Life was so very hard and sad, she thought hopelessly. By and by, she supposed, they

would come and take her away-that sullenoed sneering man and his harsh-tempered sister.

Sae would make one struggle for freedom, she determined, alenching her little hands firmly, and closing her lips in a resolute line. Hark! was that a step above? No, the same deathly stillness prevailed. Had they deserted her—gone away and left her to die of hunger

Guy was far away up in London seaking for her, she knew. He might stay there days and months, only corning back to find his little Barbara—how? The herror of the thought was almost too much for her. See started up again, and with beating heart and weary, heavy limbs crept slowly over to the door and beat against it with her featl, small

"Mr. Glaister!" she cried. "Mrs. Bar-tram!" but only the scho of her own sad, despairing cry came in return.

Yes, they had descried her, she was sure of that. She could hear the twittering of the merry birds outside that alit in the wall; she could hear the faint rustling of the leaves, the gentle sighing of the summer wind, but that was all—that was all !

Oa! how she yearned to leave that hated prison, to stand once again in the free fresh air, of the eyes to the cloudless blue vault of heaven! But no, such joys were not for her. She was to linger on in that awfut cellar—alone, moared for, antil at least the awful torment of hunger and thirst unsatisfied should drive her mad and frantic, and senseless she should end her wretched existence by dashing herself against the hard

existence by cashing herself against the hard stone wall, or running that terrible hulfe over those on the table into her poor, weak heart. "No, no!" she cried, aloud, an unniversable horror filling her sweet soul, a feeling of chame taking possession of her breast for allowing such thoughts to fill her mind. "God grant me extength to die bravely at His own appointed time!" She had buried her poor little pale face in

her hands, but dropped them suddenly, for once again, with a heavy erash, the great door was burst open. She could hear the seund of many feet in the hall above, the muratur of many voices. All at once, one above all the others, fresh and slear and strong, rang out distinctly,-

"They have escaped us!" it cried, in disappointed tones.

See knew that voice.
"Gay I Gay I" she shricked, and fell fainting on the ground.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RE-UNITED.

When the child recovered consciousness she was no longer in the hated cellar, but lying on the sole in the sitting room, close to the wide open window. A genule hand was bath-ing her forehead, a strong arm was holding her as if it would never les her go. A feeling of great and sweet content stole over her as

she felt that firm embrace. She smiled softly, and opened her tired blue eyes.
"Guy!" she whispered, fearing simest that it was a strange, sweet dream, that in another moment she should really awake and find herself back in her former dismal abode.

Not long did she so fear. At the one tender, whispered word the arm round her waist tightened its stasp, and Gay, steeping his bandsome head, left kies after hiss on her

sweet ligs.
"Oh!" she gasped, colouring hotly, for she had just discovered that Guy's father, too, was there, standing looking down at her with deep commissration in his honest eyes, "it is Gay then !"

Father and son laughed happily at that.

"Yes, darling one!" cried Goy, stroking back the solt, bright curls. "I am here—never to leave you again!"

"And I?" put in Bouverie, dropping down.

beside her. "Will you kiss your old dad, little one?

Shyly and sweetly Barbara slipped her weak arms round his neck and complied with

Bouverie jamped up then. He saw how white and upset she was, and judged rightly that the best thing was to leave her alone

with Guy.

"Take her home, lad, in the phwion," he said, softly. "Peveril and Grey, and—and the palies are waiting for me at the gate. There's a little more disagreeable work to do, and we'd best get it over at once."

Barbara started at his words, and clung to Gay. "Ah! where are they?" she cried, in a

terrified whisper.
Guy saw that it was wisest to tell her their

edemin news at once.
"The woman we found here dead, my dearest," he said, quickly, "she had poisoned herself. The man is nowhere to be found; but we are pretty sure, from papers of his that we have come across, where to look for him. We came with a warrant for their arrest.

"Ah, why ?" orisd the child, growing vary

pale.

e. de

"Because, by the help of a clever detective, we have discovered that they are guilty of a horrible murder committed thirty years

'Murder ! murder ? " she faltered, starting

"Murder I marder?" she faltered, starting up, "and he my father!"
"Nay, dear!" cried Guy, hotly, throwing his arms round her, "he was never that."
"Really?" she questioned, feveriably.
"Yes, child," hoke in Bouverie, "Guy is right. I'm off now, boy. Peveril will be

getting impatient." "Oh, where is he?" cried Barbara, quickly,

looking hastily round. Bouverie smiled.

"When he heard that you had fainted he thought it best not to bother you wish his presence. 'Tell her,' he said to me, ' that I shall look forward to meeting her at the costage.

"Then he he has not seen ms?" whispered

"No yet; but he's just longing to. Take her away from here, Guy, at once. The drive will do her more good than anything else."

He bent, and klased the lovely face sgain,

then marched away down the avenue with a light heart and a beaming face, though he sobered down a little as he neared the waggonette waiting for him, and remembered the disagreeable errand on which they were bound.

Grey, the little detective, looking none the worse for his incarceration, was talking eagerly to the two policemen who were to accompany them; but Peveril was watching eagerly for his friend, and as he sprang into his place, showered a number of questions on

"Better now," said Bouverie; " asked for you, old chum."

"Did she really?" exclaimed Peveril, delightedly. "Sweet child, I'm just dying to

"Well it won't be long before you do," cried Bouverie, consolingly. "Guy's going to drive her home now. Wonder how long they'll take to get these under the circum-

The two old friends exchanged knowing looks, and subsided into low, amused chuckles until, the waggenette turning into the road, leading to the old mine-house, brought back to them the painful nature of their example and they become grave and their errand, and they became grave and

"Come darling !" cried Guy, softly, when his father had left them, "come away from this dismal place at once!"

Gladly the girl ross, and allowed him to wrap round her the cloak which he had found

in the ball.
"I have no hat" abe said, with a faint laugh. "I'll go and letch it."

"Nay, stay here!" he cried hastly, misohievously, nervously fearing less she about by any cohance behold that ghastly spectacle in the kitchen. "There is one in the halt." and bluebing

He brought it back and placed it gently on her sunny curls, attorning and klasing her fondly as he did so; then, holding her hand flemly, he led her out and across the hall.

"Why, there is my big box!" cried the child, stopping suddenly. "All my clothes will be in that, Guy."

"Then we'll take it with us," he decided, still drawing her on, out into the summer morning. "James is in the phaeton, he shall come back for it."

"Ch, how glorious to be out again!" murmured the child, lifting her pale face to meet the fresh moorland breezs, "Guy, I should have died if I had stayed there much Ionger!

Guy shuddered, and pressed her hand

tightly.
"I shall never like to think of that time sweetheart," he oried, passionately. "But never mind," with a tender loving smile, "I have you safe now."

When they reached the phaston Guy des-patched James back to the house, giving him

a few directions in low cautious tones.
"Yessir," said James, touching his hat,
"I'll get a cars from the farm over there, and be after you almost immediate.

Gay nedded and turned to lift the girl into the phaeson, taking a long time to settle

"What a sweet young lady," muttered James, gazing after the little phaston admiringly, "I recken as how Mr. Guy just worships her. Don't think they'll reach ome afore me, even with such a good

As soon as they were off, driving slowly for fear of tiring Barbara, as Guy explained to her, she slipped her little hand in her lover's and eaked eagerly to hear all about what had happened up in London.

The great blue eyes opened wider and wider in amagement at his startling tale, and when he finally reached the capture of Grey's persecutors, she sat right up and listened with a bright eager glance and flushed

"Oh, Guy, how wonderful!" she cried, clasping her hands tightly. "Poor Mr. Grey! And to think he was Ambrose all that time."

"Yes, it was surprising," answered Guy, looking at her auxiously, and pushing her gently back upon her cushions, "but you musin's excite yourself, darling, Come;" slipping his arm round her, "tell me your tale row, child."

Barbara shrank back, but reading the eager wish in his dark eyes, she braced herself to the disagreeable recital, plunging bravely into her tale, and omitting nothing.

"And they were to take you away this morning!" cried Guy, drawing her close to him, and leaving the plump pony to his own devices. "Ob, child, if I had not come!"

Barbara smiled very contentedly.
"But you did, dear," she said, nestling up
thim. "I felt you would."

to him.

Guy was silent for a time, looking straight over the motionless pony's head, and musing gratefully on the wonderful way in which they d been helped.

Barbare, too, was ellent, casting shy anxious lances at the young man, and trying to make

up her mind to say something.
"Well, little one?" said Gay, suddenly, bringing back his eyes to her face, and seeing the wistful look.

"Guy," she said, a little sadly, "I'm glad that awful man was not my father; hut, but don't laugh at me, dear, who am I? I should like to know so much."

Gay burst into a hearty laugh, and dropped the reins altogether to take her face between

his great hands and turn her towards him.
"Shall I tell you who you are?" he said,

"The future Mrs.

"Foolish boy !" pouted Barbara, dimpling, bluehing desply. "And look here," with a joyous little laugh, "don't you

think the pony is quite rested now?"
Guy flushed at the demure question,
"Give you my word of honour!" he oried, langhingly, reizing the reins, "I shought we were going on all the time. Welt, anyway, we haven't been long!"

" Haven't we?" oried the child, malicionaly. "Well, how is it that James is here before us?" nodding towards the gate of the cottage where James had just reined up his sturdy

"Barbara," remarked Guy, with comic dignity, "if you make fan of me I shall kies you before James!—ay, and Mrs. Duidge, and the maids!"

Barbara grew cervous at the siern threat, for he looked quite capable of carrying it out. "Don't be long, child!" whispered Guy,

when she had spoken to Mrs. Doidge and the beaming maids, and thanked them sweetly for their warm welcome.

The girl was half way upstairs as he ran after her to prefer his request, but she turned and smiled saucily at him.

"I must change my dress, please," she said, solemnly, "I feel so untidy; but," gene-rouely, "I won't be long."

"She ought to lie down and have a good sleep, Mr. Guy," put in Mrs. Doidge, reproachfully, from above. "Look at them pale cheeks! Come, Miss Barbara, dear, you shall lie down upstairs, and have a good rest.

"Very well," said Guy, with a pathetic sigh and a mournful glance, admirably calculated to melt the heart of the most obdurate maiden, which Barbara was not. She yielded at once, for she had not the heart to shut

"I'm not tited now," she said, rebelliously.
"And if you are, there's the sole in the siting room," put in Guy, innocently, " it's very comfortable."

Barbara laughed wickedly.

"I'd like to try that sofa," she said. promptly. "I'll be down in ten minutes, Guy." She followed Mrs. Doidge then to the pretty

room which the worthy woman had chosen for her sweet young lady; and Guy, with a happy face, hurried away to wheel the sofa close to the open window, place a great bowl of roses on a little low table near, and order an imprompte little lunch in readiness for his idol's coming,
In the stipulated time the child appeared,

refreshed and strengthened by her hasty toilette, and looking charming in a little simple cream gown, which admirably set off bright curls, great blue eyes, and resebud complexion.

How merry they were over that delightful, informal luncheon. Guy waited assiduously on the pretty animated child, hardly even taking his eyes from the sweet, flushed face.

"Oh, Lam so happy!" she raid, with a great, contented sigh, when Mrs Doidge had taken away the luncheon tray, and they were one once more.
"And sired," put in Guy. "Lie down and alone once

go to aleep."

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" she declared; but Guy would not believe her, and taking up a book commenced to read aloud to her.

Presently the white lids closed, the breath came softly and regularly between the parting

She was fast asleep and Guy, dropping his book, sat watching her with a very tender light in his dreamy brown eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PATHER AND DAUGHTER.

T HEY found him-Parker, the murderer and sulcide-lying face downwards on the sweet lush grass under the trees in the old orchard.

Ap

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Th Gay,

Yes, in his mad fit, he must have stolen from the house, tramped all the long weary way to the Mine house, through the blinding rain, the sullen thunder and flashing lightning, and, reaching the scene of his former awful crime, must have determined there and then to put an end to his miserable, guilty existence.

Grey, springing out of the waggonette, was

the first to reach him, and stooping, took from the stiff elenohed hand a tiny purple-hued

botile.

"He has taken the same poison as the dister," he oried out to the awe stricken men, who came hurrying up, "and I verily believe 'tis the same mixture they gave their poor viotim long ago ! "

" Is he quive dead ? " asked Bouverie, breath-

lessly.
"Yes, sir, quite," was the quiet reply.

Poveril, with selemn face, bent down, and gently lifting the body, turned the man's face upwards. He had stretched out his hand to loosen his cost; but looking at the ghastly face, he started back with a low cry. "What is it, old chum?" said Bouverie,

quickly.

quickly.

"I know him, man! I know him!" gasped
Peveril. "Tus shat fellow—Gordon, who had
the shanty next to ours years ago, when—
when she—my wite was alive."
"So it is," said Bouverie, slowly. "Quer I
didn't recognise him when I saw him."
"Ah, the dress is different," said Peveril,
heachthild."

thoughtfully, "and its many years ago, re-member. Why, 'twas before Ruth was—was member. Why, 'twas before Ruth was—was murdered, and my listle daughter disappeared. He and his sister only left the camp a few

days before that happened."

His voice dropped while he spoke of his young wife's a wful death, and a very sad look

came into his kindly eyes.

Grey, who had knelt down by the still body, and was overhauling the pockets, here sprang up, showing to them all a folded paper.

"What's that?" asked Bouverie, quickly.

"Don't know, sir, haven't looked yet; but

I guess it's some sort of a confession. A murderer generally commits the fatal error of writing a nice little account of his crime or

He handed the paper to Peveril, who was nearest to him, and begged him to open it and

see what it contained.

Bousing himself from his painful reflections, that gentleman unfolded 'the document, and

glanced curiously at it.

"Not much here," he said, putting on his eyeglasses. "It seems to be divided into two parts, both signed with his name and his

"It is a confession, then!" cried Grey, triumphantly, "and she's been as foolish as he.

"I hereby confess and swear," read out
Poveril distinctly, "that thirty years ago I
murdered Miss Heriot, by administering a
deadly poison to her, and that her body was
afterwards thrown into the shaft of the old
disused mine. Her sister—Maude Heriot—we
took with us to Australia. She yet lives."

"Signed,
"SAMUEL PARKER,"
"RAGREL PARKER,"

44 RACHEL PARKER

"Crime number one," murmured the little detective. "Now for number two." Eh! what's this?" gasped I

*En! what's this?" gasped Peveril, his face growing very white. "I—I can't read it. Bouverie, old friend, you take it!"

Filled with astoniahment. Pare it!"

the paper, and with one apprehensive glance at his trembling friend, read out Parker's

"And I also confess that at the Gold Dig-gings I murdered the wife of John Peveril. I knew of the large amount of gold he had in his shanty. I was poor and desparate. I determined that his fortune should be mine. We left our shanty, and went away to the nearest town. There Rachael stayed with our

dumb charge, and I returned by stealth to accomplish my end. I reached the camp by night, and lay hid until the hour when I knew well Peverii would be away at work. As you know, I was successful; but I swear I should never have murdered Mrs. Peveril had she kept quiet. The child I took with me to pay Peveril out for many a slight I had received at his hands. We were wonderfully fortunate in eluding suspicion. We reached the nearest in eluding suspicion. We reached the nearest seaport, and sailed for America. There we seapors, and saided for America. There we lived for many years, until, aided by Peveril's store of gold, I had become a rich man. Then a sudden, wild longing seizing me, and besides, emboldened by the length of time that had elapsed since we left the old country. I have returned so England, and, ever urged on it might seem by some awful power, have settled down not far from the scene of my settled down not far from the scene of my first awful orime. My faithful Rachael implored me earnestly to stay in America, but I would not. I told her to stay there if she was afraid. She utterly refused to leave me. 'We will live and die together, Sam,' was her answer to my sneer. So here we are living close to the old Mine house, having ever with us the sister of one victim, the daughter of another! another !

" Signed, " SAMUEL PARKER PARKER "RACHARL PARKER"

"Why! why! old friend!" stammered out Bouverie, dropping the paper, which Grey picked up and carefully folded, "our sweet little Barbara, Guy's dear love, is your own daughter! Think of that!"

Peveril, pale and trembling still, took his friend's hand in his, and raised his eyes

heaven wards.

"I thank thee, Heaven, for this great blessing!" he murmured. Then a sudden fury seizing him, he glared down at the murderer's body. 'To think that he has escaped us!" he

oried, angrily.

"Nay, old chum," said Bouverie, gravely,
"he has gone before a higher tribunal. Come
home with me now and see our little daugh-

Peveril moved away at that, a smile chasing

the cloud from his brow.
"To think of that !" he muttered, letting Bouverie lead him towards the carriage, while Grey stayed behind a minute to give some instructions to the policemen about the body. "On! Bouverie, when I hurried away this morning, refusing to intrude upon the poor fainting child, I little dreamed it was my own little girl I was leaving!"

"That accounts for my impression that I had seen her before!" oried Bouverie.

"That accounts for my impression that I had seen her before!" cried Bouverie, suddenly, when in company with Grey they were driving rapidly homewards. "Why, she is the living image of her sweet mother! How stupid of me!"

Peveril flushed up.
"Is she really, old friend?" he asked

eagerly. "Wait, and see her," was the emphatic answer.

Then, noticing how agitated and disinclined for conversation was Poveril, he turned to the little detective, and, in low tones, made inquiries as to the proceedings necessary to be taken as regarded the two suicides.

"Inquest, sir," whispered Grey; "that's all. I shink, if you'll drop me at Horrabridge station, I ll take the next train to Plymouth. I want to see Symons, and I haven't any

time to lose. Bowerie exclaimed at this arrangement,—
"Nonsense!" he said. "Come home with
us, man, and have a good rest."

Grey smiled.

"I never want much rest," he said; "and I should like to get all finished up." Bouverie reflected for a minute.

"When do you go up to London?" he

asked, slowly.
"To morrow, as soon as the inquest is

"Then we'll all go together; a change will do us good. And my first care must be to get possession of poor Maude Heriot."

"Ay," said Grey, quietly. "Lucky we found the address amongst his papers."

"Toen we have to see Levison and Rebooos."

Rebecca.

Rebecca."
Grey smiled.
"Welt, I'll go with you, sir; but I must get off to Plymouth now. I have an idea that I may lay my hand on old Dan."
"Not you!" laughed Bouverie, pulling up at the station, and allowing Grey to descend; "have too slippery!"

"the's too slippery!"

Grey shook his head, and hurried away; and Bouverie, whipping up the horses, bowled on rapidly towards the cottage.

James came out as they drew up at the gate, and to him his master flung the reins; then slipping his arm in Peveril's, led him

rapidly indoors.
"Stop! stop!" oried Peveril, when they "Stop! stop!" cried Peveril, when they stood just outside the drawing-room door. "Lord! how my heart is beating! Think what it is, Bouverie, to see my daughter again!—the child I thought was lost for ever!" Bouverie waited a minute, then pushed open the door softly, and entered.

Guy held up his hand in warning, for the child was still address.

Guy held up his hand in warning, for she child was still asleep.

"C m: here, lad," whispered his father.

"Listen to our glorious news!"

Peveril's eyes were fixed on the sweet, peaceful face—he could not speak; but, Bouverie, in hurried, agitated tones, soon made his astonished son acquainted with the wonderful tale.

wonderful tale.

"Oh, splendid!" cried Guy, when a warning sign from Peveril made him turn.
The girl was awaking. With one stride,
Guy was beside her.

"Darling!" he said, in clear, distinct tones, kaceling beside the bewildered obild, "something most strange and delightful has happened while you were asleep! I have found out who you are."

"Oh, Guy!" cried the soft, startled voice;
"ell me, tell me what you mean! Who am I?"

am I?

Then suddenly she was taken in a strong man's loving embrace, and a trembling voice aried.

"You are Barbara Peveril! my own little

daughter !

The child had heard Peveril's sad story from Gny. It flashed into her mind at once, and she looked eagerly, longingly, at the kindly brown face of him who held her.

"What! the poor little baby daughter?" she cried.

"None other!" emphatically, Then, with a low, glad cry, Barbara flung her arms round his neck, and her sweet lips met his in a long loving kiss.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SOUND OF WEDDING BELLS.

The inquest was over early next day. Guy and Barbara, coming in from a long, glorious ramble, found their respective fathers deeply engaged in conversation with Grey, who had come to tell them the verdict—"Felo de se—" come to tell them the verdict—"Felo de se—"
and express his readiness to start for London
at any hour. Barbara peeped in first, and
seeing her father there, ran across to him, and
taying her curly head down on his shoulder,
thrust her tiny hand lovingly into his.
"My daughter. Grey." oried Paveril,

"My daughter, Grey," cried Povaril, proudly, "Barbara, this is the claver gentle-man to whom we owe all our happiness."

If Barbara blushed, why, so certainly the little detective turned a lively beet-root colour

at Mr. Peveril's speech.

"My dear sir!" he remonstrated, then
with a little twinkling smile, "May old
Ambrose be permitted to offer his sincere
congratulations, Miss Peveril?"

Barbara blushed a little more, and running

over to him, seized his hand and shook it

"Thank you!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Grey, I was astonished when I found that you and Ambrose were one and the same

Grey looked extremely gratified,
"Bo was Betty, Miss," he said, laughing;
"she and the women here can't believe it."
"Now, darling," oried her father, "run away and put your things on. We must east soon."

"Way, were are we going?" asked his little daughter, alipping her hand again in his, "To London, pet. To rescue poor Miss Heriot from Dr. Bonner's clutches."

"Ab, yes, poor thing !" murmured the girl, pityingly.

"Mcs. Doldge has packed you a box," went on Peveril, with a sly glance at Gay; "but you'll have plenty of shopping to do in the great city."

"Why, father?" asked Barbars, inno

cently.
"Why?" echoed Bouverie, mischievously. "Oan a young lady get married without a great deal of shopping beforehand?"
"Oh!" cried the girl, with scarlet cheeks,

and ran out of the room,

The two fathers smiled delightedly, and Gay, with an amused glance, followed Barbara hastily, and caught her on the upper landing.

Are your cheeks cool yet?" he laughed,

kissing her over and over again,
"Oh, how can they be if you behave so!"

"Because," he said, coolly, ignoring the repreach, "I'm going to say something that may redden them again."

"Then don't say it," promptly. "I've no fancy for looking like a milkmaid"
"Do you know the directions Mcs. Doidge has had given her?" he went on, stroking her hot cheeks.

"No!" the big eyes opening wide.
"To polish up the house while we are
away in readiness for the bride and bride-

"Gay !" indignantly.

"Yes, child. The two dads have settled that we shall be married in Lundon, and come here for our honeymoon, while they make all preparations for our voyage to Australia. That is, if you like the idea, darling.

traits. Trast is, it you like the ides, darling.
Do you?" anxiously.
She tossed her pretty head slightly, and
twisted away from him.
"I—I don't think I want to be married in
such a hurry," she said, ocquettishly.
"Barbara!" giving her a little shake.
"Do you know that we sail in six weeks for
Malbourse?"

"Well 1" aggravatingly. "We can wait till we get there."

Do you mean that?" bending his handme head and speaking in despotic tones.
"Of course I do, Gay. Let me go. I shall

"Oh, very well," said Guy, coldly, releasing her. "I must suppose you don't like me." He walked away to the great landing win dow, and stood with his hands thrust in his pockets, gazing gloomily out, while his little lady love, with a naughty feeling of satisfac-

lady-love, with a naughty feeling of satisfac-tion, tripped off towards her room.

Arrived on the threshold, she paused, and glanced shyly back. He was looking very grave, nay, even sad; and a feeling of hot indignation against herself stole into her loving heart. How could she be so cruel to him, when he, her true love, had brought such unspeakable happiness to her, making life one long summer day! With a little slamp of her foot she turned and ran back to him.

"Guy," she said, emphatically, slipping her hand into his, "I'm horrid! I—I'll do anything you like, ay, even if you wanted to marry me to-morrow and talked of going to

Guy laughed at her tragic tones.

"Well, I didn't quite ask that, sweet-heart," he cried, drawing her to him.
"No, but I'm ready to do the other," she murmured, unintelligibly, hiding her hot face

murmured, unintelligibly, utiling that has against his light grey coat.

"That's a darling!" heartily. "Ha! there's the dad calling. Run, Barbara! they'll be in a fidget if we miss the train."

"Your fault, sir, if we do," she retorted,

flying off.

Dr. Bonner's private asylum for cases of mental aberration was a large, square red-brick abode, standing in its own stiff, primly laid out grounds, somewhere on the outskirts of Clapham common.

Late on the summer's afternoon, when the Lase on the summer's afternoon, when the sun had lost a little of his midday power, a cab drew up at the great iron gates of the dostor's house; and three gentlemen and a lady getting out, one of them rang loudly at the bell, while they all of them looked curiously around as they waited for an answer to their summons.

"On! I takker I hope the's all right"

"On! father, I hope she's all right," whispered Barbara, nervously. "This place seems dreary enough to kill anyone."
"Let's hope so, obild," rejoined Peveril, himself disagreesbly impressed.

"On, I feel sure she is all right," broke in Guy, hating to see a cloud on Barbara's bright face.

"Well, it's to be hoped so, for the doctor's sake," growled Bouverie, in grim tones, "Anyway, I shall have a few remarks to make to him."

A servant came swiftly down the straight walk, and in answer to Bouverie's stern in-quiry for Dr. Bonner, led them up to the house and into a prim, stiffly furnished room, looking cold and bare even on that bright,

warm day.
"Dr. Bonner will be with you immediately they were informed; and hardly had the maid retired when the door was again pushed open and—with a bland smile on his unpleasant face—the doctor entered, rubbing his hands

face—the doctor essered, rubbing his hands and bowing courieously.

He was hastily wondering which one of the little party was about to be consigned to his care when Bouverie scattered his self pos-session and calm delight to the winds. He strode up to him and seized him firmly by

"Where is that poor dumb lady, you secondzel?" he demanded, flercely.

scoundres?" he demanded, nercety.

The doctor grew very pale, yet evaded the
question by asking another.

"What d'you mean, sir?" he said, with a
poor attempt at a dignified tone. "What's
the lady's name?"

Bouveris frowned.
"You know," he retorted. "Here she passes under the name of Mrs. Glaister—her real name is Miss Heriot."

Dr. Bonner started back.

"Did Mr. Glaister authorise you?" he stammered.

"There is no such person," came the relent-"The sooundrel who handed

Miss Heriot over to you had no claim to that name. He was a dastardly murderer, and years ago poisoned this poor lady's sister."
There was such a genuine look of amazement and terror in Bonner's eyes as he heard this, that one and all, watching him closely, decided that he had been ignorant of this fearful secret in the life of the man who had

employed him.
"He is dead—killed himself," went on
Bouverle, impatient to end the interview.
"We have come to demand the release of Miss
Heriot. She is no more mad than you are, merios. Side is no more man inan you are, and," laying a heavy hand on Bonner's arm, "you knew it when you took her!"

Bonner shrank away.

"I—didn't," he began; but Bouverie

stopped him.
"No lies," he shouted. "Bring Miss Heriot to us at once, ready to accompany us. Now don't bluster! Your establishment is already under suspicion, and if you throw

any obstacles in our way your ruin will descend on you just a little sooner."

Bonner was an arrant coward, and Bouverie's words threw him into a fever of

"The lady is in much better health than when she came here, sir," he said, in fawning

" Is she? Well, that's all the better for you. Bring her here and let us judge for our-salves."

Not daring to dispute the stern command, the enraged man slunk away, and after a few minutes—which seemed like hours to the anxious quartette-the door opened again, and a nurse led in poor Maude Heriot, dre in her out-door things.

Tae Doctor had been correct in one state ment. She was certainly looking in far better health than when she left Devonshire

" She has not been badly treated, then muttered Bouverie, striding over to her, and taking her thin hand in his.

"No, no!" cried Barbara, elipping her arm cound the wondering trembling woman, This is not a nice place to be in, dad, but I round think she must have been happier than when tyrannised over by those two awful people,

Then Bonner shan't be punished and co," decided Bouverie. "Here, child, more," decided Bouverie. "Here, child," putting a slate the nurse had brought with her, into Barbara's hand. "Tell her who we

are."

Miss Heriot looked up quickly, and smiled as she saw the girl's rapid flagers travel over the slate, but she waited quietly until it was put into her hand, then bent and read the

writing eagerly.

Her sweet pathetic face grew very pale as she scanned Barbara's words. She dropped the slate in her agitation, and moved her

fingers rapidly.
"She says," interpreted the nurse, "that it is all true, and what is to be done with

"Oh, I understand that," cried Boaverie, eagerly. "Used to speak to her so, long ago."
Touching the eager-faced woman gently,
he set to work, and in a short time had

he set to work, and in a short time had told her almost everything.

"She'll go with us anywhere, she says," he cried, his face beaming. "Come, then, dear," resorting to his flagers again. "Come away from this hateful place. Send Miss Heriot's luggage to the Grand Hotel," he said imperatively to the nurse, who stood stating with all her might, and wondering where the doctor had hidden himself.

They saw nothing more of that worthy.

They saw nothing more of that worthy, gaining the oab unmolested and driving rapidly away.

rapidly away.

On the road to their hotel Bouverie talked to Maude all the time, telling her, dumbly, of the approaching wedding; of the trousseau which she was to help in obcosing; of the nice, motherly maid they had procured for her, and who was even then waiting to welcome her new mistress.

And then, carefully, he told her of her mother's recent death, and grew quite eager in his consolations when he saw the soft, bright eyes welling over with tears; hurrying her away from the painful subject, and launching into a description of the far-off Australian home, and the happy life in store for her there.

And the poor thing, quite overcome by the thought of this wonderful new life that was to be here after so much misery, leant her head on little Barbara's breast, and wept all her anguish of heart away in a flood wept all

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

MR Bouverie's handsome, extensive farm ms Bouverite's nandsome, extensive tarm was situated just a few miles out of Melbourne, in a well wooded, lovely part of the country. From its upper windows were just visible the chimneys of Peveril's Rest, for the two successful gold diggers had bought land as close to each other as possible when deciding on settling down.

But now there was no distance to separate them. They dwelt together at Fair View, Bouverie's place; for on coming out from England, Peveril had handed over his snug, commodions farm so she young couple as a wedding present, and had gone joyfully to live with his faishful chum.

Miss Heriot took up her abode at first with Gay and Barbara, but not for long. To the surprise and atmosphere of everyone, Bouverie, as the end of a year, persuaded her to become Mrs. Bouverie; senior, and come and look after himself and the highly

delighted Peveril.

"You see, boy," he explained, ahame-facedly, to his laughing son, "I loved Maude at first for her sister's sake, and now I find I've got to love her for herself and her sweet, gentile ways. Paveril and I want a lady to look after us, don't we, old chap?" rumpling up his hair, and carting a besesshing glames at his grave faced friend. "We do indeed," exclaimed Peveril,

prompily, yet with a shy twinkle in his kind

"But, dad, dear, poor Maude is dumb," said Barbara, gently, her eyes on the sweet-faced woman at Bouverie's side.

"Ab, that's just it, the greatest induce-ment!" oried Bonvarie, triumphantly, "I understand her so well, and you are all such

perfect numskalls at the dumb alphabet!"
There was a general smile at this conclusive remark; but Barbara, seeing a faintly distressed expression on Miss Heriot's sweet face, flung her arms round her neck, and kissed her repeatedly.

So in a few months they were quistly married; and, Mrs. Bouverie, slipping easily into her new position at Fair View, became a joy and a comfort to the two busy men there. "Den't know how we did without her," was

Bouverie's favourise remark; and the words were always accompanied by a loving glance

at his wife's gentle, cheery face,

One glorious afternoon at the end of the back in the cool, shady versudah, enjoying a pipe and a generous supply of icad lemonade, after a long day's shooting.

Mrs. Bouverie, in a pressy dress of some soft, light grey material, was sisting by her husband, sewing busily, only pausing now and then to watch his fingers as he, in a desultory

way, told her of their day's sport.
"How are Guy and Barbara?" she asked:

in her mute fashion,
"All right, dear. Off to Melbourne for the
day, Said they'd ride back this way and tell na the news."

"Here they come," oried Peveril, suddenly, rising and going eagerly to meet the young

Barbara, looking pretiter than ever in her cool looking holland habit and large, graceful hat, was soon seated by her father, sipping lemonade, and glancing contentedly at her tall, handsome, bronze-faced young husband who, leaning lazily back in a great backet chair, answered, laughingly, all the questions

"Now I've told you all," he cried, at last ricing and going over to Barbara's side. "I've

one grand bit of news for you."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed impetuous Barbara.
"Waom do you think has just arrived in Methourne? and on his wedding-trip too!"

"Stay, darling," put in Guy, " let 'am "Can't do it," said his father, promptly,

"not good at guessing, up here at Fair View

"Well, then." said Guy, slowly, leaning forward to enjoy the effect of his words,—"Detective Gray ! " and the look of utter astonish ment on the older men's faces was ample payment for his news.
"Thunder!" sjaculated Bouverle, when he

had hastily seld the news to his wife. " That little chap! Wno's he married, Guy?"
"Wait and see," laughed his son.

invited them up here in your name. They're driving, and will be here in about half-anhour. It you'll have us, the child and I would like to stay and hear what he has to say of the old country."

Bouverte laughed delightedly, and repeating Gay's remark to his wife, she nodded at them

with a beaming smile.

"Grey was overjoyed to see us, and brim-ming over with gratitude for your generous treasument of blim dad, says; the handsome sum of money you bestowed upon him tempted

"Pstaw!" oried Bouverie, colouring ; "and

what did he do for us, I'd like to know I'.
As he poks, his opes rested lovingly on the
happy faces around him, and his great brown
hand stole over Mande, and held it in a firm

olasp.
"How did he get off duty?" he asked,

presently, "Besn overworking himself," said Goy, puffing away at his pipe. "Made a clever capture, he didn't say so, but I gauss it from his account, and got a long leave in consequence."

Half-an-hour later the little detective was being welcomed heartily by the Colonists; his wife -a tall dark faced, dark haired girlstanding beside him, looking very sby and

"Why, 'tis Robsons!" oried Bouverie, "My, the Robers of order Educate, seizing her hand. "Well, this is a surprise !"
"A pleasant one," put in Peveril, kindly, determined to set her as her case. Sive scaled not feel shy for long. The gentle silent housess took her trembling hand in a

geniul olasp.

Barbara smiled at her whenever their eves met, and all did their best to give her a thoroughly genuine welcome.

"You mast stay with us, Grey!" oried Bouverie, hospitably.

"Well, sir, for a day or two, thank you," said the gratified detective.

And his shy, blushing wife, in obedience to a glance from him, thanked her how very pressely in her low, trembling voice.

"Now, man !" cried Bouverie, when, dinner over, they were back on the verandah, he with his wife beside him, ready to tell her all that was said, "have you any news for us? Did you ever manage to lay hands on that slippery old Dan?

"Rather!" said Grey, with a gratified laugh. "He's got seven years for being mixed up with a daring burglary case."
"And the two from the 'Raven'?" asked

"And the two from the 'Raven'?" asked Gay, eagerly.

"On they're in for another five years. I think Rebecca's pretty safe, for all Mr. Charley's threats. You see," he went on, smiling at his wife, "I got Rebecca away from the 'Bull-dog,' though 'was very good of Levison to betriend her. I knew the 'Bull-dog' was not the best place in the world for a giel, so I got Mes. Onellip, my laudlady, to look after her. She took a great fancy to Rebecca, and in a way, adopted her. Living there, I naturally saw a great deal of her, and-and this is the consequence," he ended, comically.

"I'm delighted I" said Bouverie. "She

saved your life that time, Grey."

"She did, sir," said the little man, quietly, turning such a look of gratitude upon poor, aby Reseace, that she turned a way and gazed at the beautiful country before her in order to hide the tears that filled her eyes. "Levison's bad some money left him and retired from the 'Ball-dog,'' went on Grey; "and I'm glad of it," laugaing: "Twas a doubtful sort of a place. Old Symons is dead; so is your housekeeper," he remerked after a minute's

"Poor Mrs Doidge !" orled Barbara. " She should have come out here with us. Betfy is as happy as the days are long."
"I'm sure the does queer one if the warn't,

with each a sweet, young missess!" oried Grey, gallantly. "Shall you be paying the old country a visit again, sir?" he waked, presently.

Bouverie shook his head slowly.

"The young folks may, perbaps, but I shan't," he said, decidedly, "Had too much bother and worry when I was there last time,

The little man no fided his head solemnly, and turned his been grey eyes on Donverie's

genial, contented face. "'Twas a mighty wonderful thing, your coming over thus year; said just by a chance —so to say stirring up the mud that had lain undisturbed for shirty long years, vir," he

asid, refloatively.
"Yes," said Peveril, dreamily, "dur vicitto England brought about some great events."
"By Jove, yes!" cried Bouveris. "It no-

earthed the cowardly wretch who had fived so long unpunished !"

"Ay, and gave me back my daughter!"
put in Peveril, with a fond, proud glance at
Barbara's sweet, saucy face.
"White I," added Gay, altry, steeping and

coolly kissing the charming face so near him, "found the sweetest, dearest little wife in the

Everyone smiled at this outborst; and Barbara, jumping up, and telling him indig-nantly that he ought to be ashamed of himself, ran away to get ready for her homeward

When she and Guy had departed, and Grey and his tired wife had gone to their room Bouverie stood on the verandah for a minute

with Peveril, smoking serenely beside him. "What are you thinking of, old chum?" asked Poveril, presently, kuccking the ashes

out of his pipe. "I was thinking." rejoined Bonverle, in low, reverential tones, "of that wonderful line.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

We've proved that line, old friend."

"Ay, with Heaven's help," said Poveril, slowly, as he followed his old comrade into

THE END.

FACETIÆ.

FIRST CITIZEN: "Come and have a drink, old chap." Second Citizen: "No, shanks: I don't drink." First Citizen: "What I have you sworn off again?" Second Citizen: "No, I've done something better than that this time,
I've stopped drinking."

"Have you learned anything about the law?" saked the proud father of his son. "Yes, sir; I have grauped the fundamental principle of successful practice." "What is it?" "Make it fee simple in the deed and fee complex in the bill."

A class in grammar was reciting, says an exchange, and one of the younger buys was asked to compare "sick." He began shoughtfully, "sick," pauted while his braid-struggled with the problem, then finished trimphantly, "Sick; worse, dead."

A FRENCHMAN'S experience of a day's shooting. "Mon oner, I saw a rabbit pass. It was my first rabbit. How delightful! How exoiving! I shouldered my gun. I took aim. I pulled the trigger—thoughn went off, and the rabbit went off too."

" THERE'S no such word in the dictionary. No such word as 'knowledge?' "said Hobbs. "Why, man, you don't expect to find it under N, do you? Knowledge begins with a K." , do you? Knowledge begins with a K. What in thunder is a dictionary good for, anyhow? It a fellow knows how to spell, he don't need a dictionary; and it he don't know how to spell, he can't find anything in 14," exclaimed Blobbs.

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SOCIETY.

Tan Hungarian women wear very long boots, but no stockings.

Mrs awoon in the dental operating chair far more frequently than women.

In South America there is a race of cats to which "mesowing" is an unlearned accomplishment.

In Germany the boy chimney climber is still a recognized institution.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the only queen in Europe who has never ordered a toilet from Worth, although be is an Englishman.

The dainty Parisian malden is now wearing a tassel on her slipper, and she seems to like it, too. Silver, gilt, and beenze tassels are need.

We are told, with great solemnity, by those who follow close to fashion, that every woman who has the slightest regard for her appearance must be careful to wear her hair parted oute on to her forehead.

Load Randolph Churchill has brought home a very fine collection of sporting trophics from Mashonaland. He has obtained specimen horns of nearly every species of the African antelope, and several superb lion and several superb lion and

The Prince and Princess of Wales have decided to erect a monument to the Duke of Clarence in the chancel of Sandringham Church, and the Queen intends to place a status of her grandson in the Prince Consort's Manager at Fregmore.

Mn Gladstons is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencilmater at Kaswick, and is thirty-nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner uses it for a walking-

A messancem is to leave London every evening, except Sunday, for Hyères while the Queen is staying at Costebelle, conveying the Cabinet boxes, despatches, and Her Majesty's private correspondence. A messanger will arrive in London from Hyères every morning except anday, so that the Queen's stay on the Riviera will not delay or in any way interfers with, the transaction of public

From all indications flowers will enjoy this season an unprecedented reign. Weatever may develop later, it is certain the French models to date show searcely a trace of certain tip or plume, their place being supplied entirely by flowers. Small hate and banness made entirely of flowers are sold by the wholesale dealers, the retailer adding a twist of ribbon, lesso, faucy straw, & x, to suit the whim of the customer.

The Beitish workman is hard at it once more in St. James's Palses, and the work which was interrupted by the death of the Duke of Clarence is now progressing very fast. The bendoir is nearly finished, and locks very pretty. The bath room is a very handy arrangement. One of the three staircases is to be taken away and the space filled up. The parquet floors are down, and the decoration is mostly up. This looks like business. The house is not likely to remain uncoccupied much longer, and when Prince George takes possession be will not be alone.

Rars' heads are hardly the ideal ornament for a woman's head covering. Yet it appears that they have been common enough this winter. Earriers of the fourth or fitth degree, finding the demand heavy for fury heads on muffs, beas, and hats, began at first by supplying those of the mink instead of the orthodex sable. The mink heads were soon exhausted, and then they fell back on the squirest. Accidentally it was discovered that rata heads could be dressed to look exactly like those of the squirest.

STATISTICS.

THERE are seventy-seven garrisons in the kingdom.

Tuenz are 4,500 women printers in Eng-

THERE are nearly 6,000 small islands round the British coast.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air per minute, or upwards of seven hogeheads in a day.

Observations the frigate bird will fly two hundred miles an hour.

The Car of Russia is said to own one million square miles of Russian territory, including hundreds of mines of gold, silver, and cost, and extensive forests, out of which ha is reported to make about £2 500,000 per appum.

GEMS.

THE knife's wound heals; the tongue's wound never.

Every man who begins life by saying, "I can't do anything," ends it by taying, "I baven't done anything,"

We might enjoy much peace if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.

NOTHING has ever been accomplished by shooting at everything in general and nothing in particular. It is far better to have an aim, even if we miss the mark.

I EXPECT to go through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Fried Bacon.—Cut the slices as thin as possible, and put into a frying pan a table spoonful of bacon grease left from the day previous; when hot, put is the bacon, and surn quickly. Dish round a pile of fried potators.

Candy Rock — Equal quantities of sugar and syrng, boilt in a suitable got, till when you dip a spoon in cold water and then in the coady and then back in cold water it crisps like glass. Pour it cut on a greased stone or dish, and as it gets cool throw up the edges and work it with the hand, or use a hook, until it is glistening like gold. The hands should have a little flour on them occasionally. Draw it into stoks or leave it like rock if preferred.

Orange Sponge Care.—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, five eggs, one half cup of cold water, two tesepoontals of baking-nowder. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, add the cold water, then the flour into which the yeast powder and a half tesepoontal of sait have been stirred, then the beaten whites of the eggs, and lastly the grated rind, and juice of one orange. Bake in layers and when cool put between them the white of one egg, one cup of sugar, the juice of one orange beaten well together.

Vinegas —Take apples, pears, or any julcy fruit, crush them well; to two bushels of fruit take four gallons of boiling water and pour over the fruit, and put in a warm place for a week. Strain off impurities as they arise. At the end of that time strain it through a strong thick towel, pressing the pulp. Put the juice, in a cask or jur; put in a pint of years and a bit of bread. Let the jur be quite full. Put the bung in loosely and throw over it a piece of flaunci. Set it in a warm place for a month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oprous smoking is prohibited in Japan.

THE population of Greece is increasing faster than that of any other country in Europe at present.

Agares are a kind of quartz. Most of them come from South America, and especially from Brazil.

A novel Viking ship, supposed to be 1,000 years old, was uncarthed recently from a mound in Sweden.

Taking the census figures of last year, it appears that there is one public-house to about every ninety persons in England and Wales.

Recently invented wire drawing mechanism has made it feasible to produce silver and platiaum wire so fine as to be thinner than a human hair.

UMBRELLAS are rarely used in Aden, Arabia. Bain has fallen there only twice in twenty-nine years. Previous to the last rain, which occurred in 1888, there was a period of dry-weather which lasted twenty-nix years.

There is a new wind instrument, the pedal clarionet." It is an octave below the bass clarionet, and produces the lowest notes obtained by any instrument except the organ. With a range of three-octaves it has a much pleasanter tone that the double haseoon.

It is said that in China there is a cat that has drooping ears. The Mombas cat of the West Coast of Africa is covered with stiff. bristly hair. A Paragusy cat is only one-quarter as big as the ordinary cat of this part of the world. It has a long body and short shiny hair. In South America there is a race of cass which do not know how to new.

Constenation exists in several Spanish villages in consequence of the great increase of leprosy. In the town of Gars there are so many lepers that a separate hospital is to be built for them. There are eight families in Benidorm that the other residents fear to account with, even for the transaction of business. Every member of the eight families is a leper.

It has often puzzled the uninitiated to give a reason why musicians tame their instruments in public, and not before they enter the orchestra. If they tuned their instruments before entering the theatre or concest room the temperature is very apt to be different in the place of performance, and therefore the instruments would not be in tune. A pisnothat is in tune in a cold room would get out of tune if the room were suddenly bested.

Some of the tribes of India have a marriage custom which calls for the presence of a now and a calf at the ceremony. The principals and the pricet drive a cow and a calf into the water, and there the bride and groom, as well as the clergyman, clutch the cow's tail, while the officiating personage pours water upon it from a glass vessel; and utters a religious formula. The couple are now united in wedlock; and the priest, for his part in the ceremony, claims the animals, and also receives any sum in money which the groom thinks is necessary to propitiate the idole.

Anymory can have it who will be at the pains to set the foot down right. In that lies all the difference betwixt a thumping lumping gait and the light tread that makes people call you velvet footed." The whole art and mystery lies in a single santence. Put the ball of the foot down first, throwing the weight upon it, and letting the heat come to the floor the hundredth part of a second after. Treading flat footed—over all the noice at once—the weight comes with a jur that is about equally destructive to quiet, to grace, and to since leather. By stepping first on the ball, just back of the toes, its outhingy muscles act as a spring, and make of walking a double pleasure.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JESSIE.—Your best plan would be to write and inquire of the lady berself.

Barbara.— $N_{\mathcal{F}}$ having seen the articles it is impossible to tell you.

"A LASSIE" YET."-A girl of sixteen cannot be sued for debt.

Tam —Tamworth is partly in Warwickshire and partly in Staffordshire.

POWERTY.—Brothers are not legally liable for the support of each other.

A REBIL —A widow has no legal control over a steg-son after the death of his father.

SUSANNE.-You can be legally married in the name you have always borne

Barrana —Her Majosty is Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

CHAISTY. -- Write to Agent-General for Cape Colony, 112, Victoria-atrect, London, S. W.

N. W.—Never before heard of carpets being printed with blocks. Pattern always woven. TATTERS -Toe Lord Bagian who commanded in the Orimes deed before Sebastopo', June 28, 1855

T. B. J.—The electric light was inaugurated at the British Museum, January 28, 1890.

N. B.—Tae builder of the Forth Bridge was Mr., now Sir William Arrol, originally a blackemith in Paisley.

A DUFFER.—The Crimean war was declared March 27, 1854; peace was signed 30th March, 1856.

ORE IN PERPLEXITY. —Send letter to address you have given, and it will get the man if he is alive. EASHFUL JOE.—We do not understand the question. Please explain a little more fully.

Juneso -Both for Engineers and Marines the height is 5 feet 6 inches, with 34 inches chest.

GLADYS -We should not consider an umbrella came under the headfof "wearing apparel." PUZZLED.—"After the well-graced actor leaves the stage" is from Richard II, second scene of fifth act.

Torsy.—The title of "Reverend" has been applied to ergymen since the middle of the seventeenth century.

Ron B.r.—It is against the United States law for any one there to engage a man in this country. You must go out.

AMBITION.—Carey was stimbed on deck, but received his fatal injuries in the saloon to which he had re-trusted.

Willie's Darling. —Certainly; attached to nearly all arracks are rooms for the soldiers' recreation and

RIGE.—No literature obtainable on that subject, here have been speeches advocating it by various errous.

Trro.—We have no recollection of any expulsion of Eman Catholics from Japan. They are in the Empire

Ramonstrance.—If you do not find answer in our columns, you may take it for granted the queries have not come to hand.

BEATRICE —The daily pay of a captain in infantry of the line is 11s. 7d. We have no record of the pay in the militia.

Grow—The clothes taken off persons found dead and uncl-ided are retained by police for purposes of identification.

Awxious —Certainly write to War Office; that is the est plan. Give your friend's regimental number as best plan. Give well as his name.

JUDITH.—"The poetry of earth is never dead ' is from a little poem by John Keats—"On the Grashopper and Oriokes."

C. V.—Compulsory registration of births made com-pulsory in England in July, 1875, and in Ireland in August, 1880.

A. B. C.—Agent-General for Cape, 7, Albert-mansions, Victoria street, London, S.W. Doubt your application will be fruitless, but try.

ISE POT.—A pennyworth of pumice atone, got at a sluter's or colourman's, will serve your purpose for

CONTRALTO.—What information do you wish? "Ora pro Nobis" is a very fine part song. What more is there you wish to know about it?

CLAUDE.—If you have no trade connection then the Free Gardeners, Foresters, and Oddfellows are all good, each giving 10s. weekly in sickness.

B. T. C.—The Royal Irish Constabulary is a semi-military force under the direct control of the British Government, not of any body in Ireland.

Es Wast of Advice.—No; we do not advise regarding investments. At the same time we do not doubt the soundness of the banks you name.

GLAZIER.—The Egyptians made glass at least three thousand years before Christ. It is stated that in some of the tombs near ancient Thebes there are still to be seen plotures of workmen blowing glass in the same way a which it is blown to-day.

Neavous.—The best man attends to the ordering of any carriages, etc., on behalf of the bridegroom, but not on behalf of the bride's parents.

**Sidney.—The population of the United States at the 1890 census was 63,672,220 The population of the United Kingdom in 1891 was 87,748,283.

Mariz.—Marie is usually pronounced Marree, but is ast a molification of Mary, not an improvement by ay means upon the original.

Rais.—Nover hear lof him till now, and cannot find any record of his case. Patrick Cotter, 8 ket 7 inches, and Charles O'Brien 8 feet 4 inches, were Irish glants.

ALICE —It generally takes between three and four months to arrange an assisted passage, so that you may not have any satisfaction given to you till next month.

Barrow.—England is South Britain, Scotland is North Britain, and the two together make Great Britain. Ireland is distinct, not in Britain at all.

SHOPKERPER.—You can positively refuse to take got ut of your window, and may refuse to serve t ustomer at all if he will not accept what is in the abo

M. A. Y.—The affair at Manipur or Manipore, as in usual with Indian names, it comes to us in a variety of forms, occurred on 23rd and 24 h March of last year.

WORRED.—You have soled correctly. Persist in your refusal to take the portrait. See that your wife is no coerce? into receiving it during the day.

DRUMMer.—Parobment used for covering drums, barj es, etc., is made from the skins of asses, calvos, or wolves, these of wolves being considered the best.

F. B. A.—1. The First Battalion Royal Scots are at ork; Second Battalion on the way to India. 2. First statision Royal Scots Fusiliers are now in Giasgow; econd Battalion at Peshawur, Bengal.

A LOVER OF SCOTCH SONGS,—"Coming through the Bye" is a favourite song for a soprane with a good range of voice; another is "A" the airts the win can blaw;" a third, "Atton Water."

HE'S JUST AWAY.

"I CARNOT say and I will not say,
That he is dead. He's just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the band
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fat:
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you.—Oh, you, the will test yourn For the old-time step and the glad return-think of him faring on, as dear In the love of There as the love of Here; Thick of him still as the same, I say He is not dead—he is just away."

POLITICAL.—No Minister of the Orown holds office as "Prime Minister." That is a position assumed by the Minister charged with the formation of a Cabinet, in which he takes what office he prefers. Lord Salisbury fills the office of Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

F. W.—The climate of B sames Ayres is not particularly unbesishy to English people; but you would find every-thing very dear just now. You had better write to the Emigratus' Information Office, 1, Broadway, London, or particulars.

Invarrion.—You may, if you like, get a form of information for patent at money-order office, fill it up, add specifications of invention, forward all to Comptroller, Patent Office, 25, Suthampton-buildings, London, and perhaps in that way carry through the case yourself.

Mystified.—There is no mystery or doubt about the cause of the Gulf stream. The water in the land-locked Gulf of Mexico expands under the great heat of the sun, and flows out into the open in a confined volume, which goes round the earth until it is obstructed by the boasts of Europe.

A Lover of Fresh Arr.—One of the simplest methods of ventilating a room is to have a lower window slight y raised, a piece of wood firmly fitted in benesh it, and the space opened at where the upper and lower sash lap over each other is sufficient to give an upward current of air and ventilate a room without any direct draught.

FRAMER.—There is nothing in the circumstances of South Africa that should induce you to think of emigrating to that quarter. If you are an experienced agricultural hand the place that invites you just now is Western Australia. Write to Agent-General for the colony, Westeniaster-chambers, Victoria-street, Lendon, S. W., regarding free passage. State your experience.

ORALIST. — Who ever thinks of Mrs. Christopher Columbus! Yet to her the great discoverer was much indebted for encouragement. S.e. was a Miss Falsatrelle, of Lisbon, the well-educated, br.lliant daughter of a navigator with whom she made hasardons voyages, and who gave her as a downy a valuable collection of charts, maps, and important memorands made during his voyages.

his voyages.

Ama —The dog days indicate the season of the year
when dogs are supposed to be most likely "to go mad."
That supposition is not well founded, but the fixing of
the days is ruled by another supposition positively
erroneous. It was believed that the period from Srd
July to 11th August owed its excessive heat to the
rising and setting of the dog star "Sirius" with the
sun. That period is therefore onlied the "dog days."

Folly.—Inks'and dyes can be bought wholesale much acre cheaply than you could make them.

FLO.—Names from colour have no distinct nativity.
They are common to all nations, but national characteristics have a good deal to do with the colours selected.
Thus Brid (or red) Grey, B.sck, and Blow (blue) are aim at distinctively Scotch; Green, again, is practically unknown in Scotland, though common in Regland.
Four own patronymio, Erown, is very common both in Scotland and England. It is a Saxon word.

OURLIA.—If by jealousy is meant tender solicitude for a wife's welfare or the harrowing distress of wounded affection, then it may be experienced by a man who truly loves his wife. But if by jealousy is meant a dog-in-the-manger dispotism, or a combination of suspicion and resentment engendered by rampant reliashness and woun jed vanity, then it seldom exists in the heart of a man who truly loves his wife.

DAN.—On the formation of Land Transport Gorps the initials were taken to mean London Thieving Corps. Being called the Military Train, its initials were read "murdering thieves," also "moke train," because mules were employed by corps, also muck train. These names were so off, naive that the regiment was finally called Army Service Corps, and is now knewn by that name.

name.

Toorsiz,—Although most people know the value of a glass of lemonade before breakfast, few know that the benefit is more than doubled by taking another at night also. A better way to fight a bilious atta-k than powders or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons in as much water as will make it pleasant to d-ink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a tumbler of ordinary or soda water.

Threetes—There is a bit of interesting tradition apant

rates also justed to the fundament of ordinary or soda water.

THISTLE.—There is a bit of interesting tradition anent the use of the thistle as the national emblem of Socialand. In one of the wars of early times the Soots were in camp asisep, it being the dead of hight. A party of Danish scouts had approached unperceived, and while trying to discover the west points and any unprotected localities in their position a spy chanced to tread upon a thistle. A loud exclamation of psin and involuntary improcations, prompted by the too sadden and violent contact with the stinging needles of the plant, roused the camp to instant action. The So ts railled, attacked the spice, and completely routed the invading army. In gratitude to the humble plant, which had no doubt saved their lives, and possibly turned the fortunes of war in their favour, they bore it sieft on their spears, and finally adopted it as the national emblem. The motto on the Soctiath arms, Num one impute lacessit ("None shall annoy me with impunity"), as suggestive of the plant and the incident.

L. S. D.—The denomination of a "shilling" was of

of the plant and the incident.

L. S. D.—The denomination of a "shilling" was of a different value in the same nation, as the government thought fit to alter it. There was no such piece of money ever of ned in Great Britain until the year 1604, in the latter reign of Henry VII. In the Saxon times there went forly-eight shillings to the pound; then the shilling was accounted at five peene; and every one of those peene being of the weight of the present three peene, a shilling must then make fitteen peene, and forty-eight times fitteen pence a pound weight. In the Norman time, and ever since, a shilling was accounted twelve pence, and every penny, as aforesaid, weighing three pence, there must be the weight of three current shillings in one shilling of the Norman computation, and consequently twenty Norman shillings likewise make a pound weight. Silver pence were anciently the only current coin of England, and afterward, about the reign of King John; silver half-pence and aliver shillings were introduced.

reign is king owns, saver mane-petce and saver standard were introduced.

QUARN OF DIMPONDS—The first diamond necklace worm at the French Court was, it is said, on the person of Agnes Borel. It is also said that Ostherine de Medicis an i Dians de Potitiers brought pearls into vogue, and that diamonds were quite discarded until Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis I of France, when also brought some remarkable gems from Bugland. On the occasion of Marie de Medicis' coronation all the laddes at the court wore elegant head-dresses of pearls. Under the reign of Londs X(V, precious skones were brought in large quantities from Persia and India, and were more generally worn than ever before. Been the waists and alcores of dresses were trimmed with turquois and ruby passementarie, aigreties of diamonds, not to speak of the coormous and daze ing brilliant stomachers then in words. Diamonds were displayed in almost incredible profusion, as buttons, and studs, and pins; on the lids of snuff-boxes and jewel-cases; on the handles of whips, parasols, and swords, and the heads of cases; and finally, on the isced coats of the ourtiers.

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